

Florida

NATIONAL WILDLIFE WEEK
OUTSTANDING DEER HUNT

Fishing • Hunting
• Conservation •

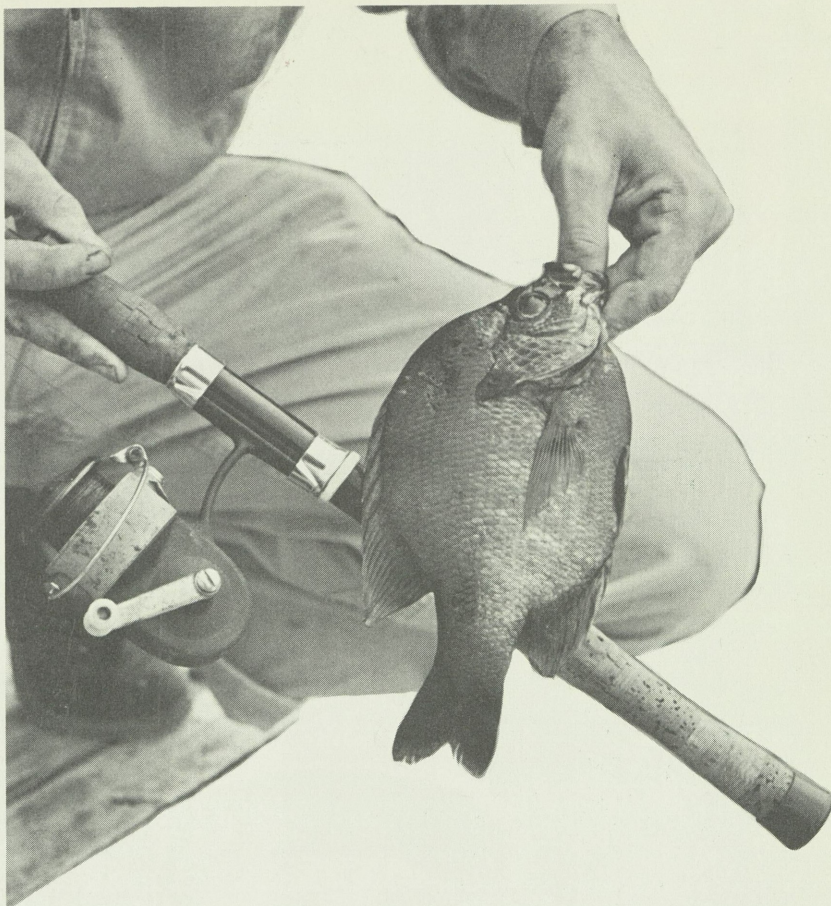
WILDLIFE

MARCH, 1960

The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen

25 CENTS





FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S FISHING CITATION

is available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the fresh-water game fish of the prescribed species and size requirements. Citation, showing recorded date of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of the following application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE _____ Date _____
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name _____ Address _____

Species of Fish _____ Weight _____ Length _____

Type of Tackle, Bait Used _____

Where Caught _____ Date _____

Catch Witnessed by _____

Registered, Weighed by _____ at _____

(Signature of Applicant)

FOR THAT
BIG ONE
THAT
DIDN'T
GET AWAY

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS

_____ 8 pounds or larger

CHAIN PICKEREL

_____ 4 pounds or larger

BLUEGILL (BREAM)

_____ 1 1/2 pounds or larger

SHELLCRACKER

_____ 2 pounds or larger

BLACK CRAPPIE

_____ 2 pounds or larger

RED BREAST

_____ 1 pound or larger

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fly, spinning, or bait-casting tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

★
Published monthly by the
FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

★
**Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, and Protection of Our Game and Fish**

★
BILL HANSEN, Editor

WALLACE HUGHES, Art Director
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STRIKES

and Backlashes



NUMBER OF POINTS

Dear Sir:

In the December issue, the article 'Baffling Maneuvers,' Archibald Rutledge mentions a 10 point buck. He doesn't say *about* 10 points, he just says a 10 point buck. I enjoyed the article immensely but I have hunted deer for a great number of years and since the buck was not killed, I say it is impossible to count points on dog-chased deer. Please explain how Mr. Rutledge was so sure about the number of points.

W. M. Commander
Tampa, Fla.

A PROBLEM

Gentlemen:

I have a problem. All my issues of your magazine are stacked in my closet and I was wondering if you sell a custom made binder that holds these magazines. This way I will be able to put them in my bookcase with other publications, for future reference.

R. E. Phillips
Miami, Fla.

● *Soon, we hope. The plans and design of binder all made and ready to go, when final approval is received. When available, mention of cost and how to order them, will appear in each issue.*

CATFISH

The Editor:

I was recently fishing on a pier at Lake Parker and numerous catfish were being caught. When one gentleman caught a member of the bream family, he stated that he had to have a separate stringer for this one, as it was illegal to string catfish and bream together. If this is illegal, please print the facts as I doubt if many fishermen are aware of such a law.

Roger S. Jones
Auburndale, Fla.

● *There is no such law. Catfish are not regulated as to gamefish possession limits, but neither are they required to be kept separate from the*

gamefishes. String 'em together if you want.

LARGE SPECKS

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is an application for a fishing citation, for a 2-pound 8-ounce speckled perch (black crappie) I caught at Sampson Lake.

I have fished all my life for crappie and never caught one that weighed as much as two pounds. The moon must have changed, however, for in the past three weeks I boated about 20 that weighed over two pounds, this application being for the largest.

H. H. Rabb, Jr.
Starke, Fla.

NO CLOSED SEASON

Dear Editor:

What are the closed fresh water fishing periods in Florida, and do I have to buy a license for the whole year if I will only be fishing on my two week vacation?

Ken Moulter
Knoxville, Tenn.

● *There are no closed seasons on fresh water fishing in Florida. Non-resident fishing licenses are: 3-day continuous, 1.25; 14-day continuous, 3.25; for the year (July 1, to June 30), 10.50. Complete information concerning hunting and fishing regulations are available by writing to: Information-Education Dept., Game and Fresh Water Fish Comm., Tallahassee, Fla.*

HUNTING SAFETY

Dear Sir:

At a recent meeting of the Exchange Club of Tampa, I had the privilege of hearing Mr. Kensinger of the Game Commission, speak on

the subject of conservation. He prefaced his talk with some safety hints and emphasized the relatively high incidence of hunting accidents in this area. In the December issue of *FLORIDA WILDLIFE* there is also a very interesting and informative letter on the same subject.

It is quite distressing, however, to turn to the beautiful cover of your current magazine (Dec.) and see a hunter pointing his gun almost directly at the invisible photographer. That is hardly in keeping with the current preaching.

H. L. Wright, M.D.
Tampa, Florida

● *As mentioned, the photographer is invisible. In fact, for illustrative reasons, he is nonexistent. Much better this way than showing just the back of the man and tail of the dog, eh?*

ALL STATES

The Editor:

I have been reading *FLORIDA WILDLIFE* for many years now, and each issue seems to get better. I like the page on letters from your readers and have noticed that they come from many parts of the country. As a matter of curiosity, in how many states do you have subscribers?

D. Carson
Houston, Texas

● *All 50 states, plus 13 foreign countries.*

COVER TO COVER

Gentlemen:

My check for three year renewal enclosed. Of all the outdoor magazines received each month, *FLORIDA WILDLIFE* is the only one that rates complete reading, from cover to cover, by every member of the family.

My son recently took class honors for a series of essays on wildlife. All the information came from your fine magazine. Florida will be our home state in just a few more years.

John L. Wilkins
Akron, Ohio

THE COVER

Let's go fishing! — That's the word being passed up and down the Sunshine State with the arrival of beautiful spring weather. Bass fishing provides the rod and reel action desired, and whether it's a string of school-size bass, or one of the larger trophy-room weights, the angler's happy smile is always the same.

Photo by Bruce Mozert, Florida's Silver Springs

CAGED ANIMALS

By BOB DAHNE

This is the first in a series of articles concerning the proper care of wild animals in captivity. Since there appears to be an increasing desire to keep animals caged, it is important to recognize the stresses and strains that such captivity places upon the animals involved.



AS AN INTRODUCTION, let us say that all caged wild animals are crazy.

The moment any wild animal is placed in captivity, that animal immediately becomes an abnormal individual. Since the animal has lost its freedom, it is no longer a true creature of the wilderness. Although that animal may still have all of its inborn wild attributes, all of its normal instincts, desires and reactions are thwarted by bars, fencing or barriers.

Therefore, the wild animal, as it is placed in confinement, enters into a crazed state, and is immediately on its way to becoming physically and mentally deranged.

It is important that those who keep, or intend to keep, wild animals in captivity recognize the stresses and strains that captivity places upon the animals involved. This applies to any animal of the wild species, whether it be mammal, bird, reptile, amphibian or fish.

The point is well made by the following quotation from the book "Disease in Captive Wild Mammals and Birds," by Herbert Fox, M.D., as pathologist to the Zoological Society of Philadelphia and director of the William Pepper Clinical Laboratory of the University of Pennsylvania:

"Captivity (of wild animals) causes numerous physical and mental disarrangements. Unaccustomed, unnatural and unvaried food, change of climate and environment, physical and mental degeneration from disuse of muscle and brain, fear, ennui, nostalgia, lack of the exhilaration of chasing and being chased, unsatisfied sexual feeling—all react harmfully on the captive."

It is only fair to state that in discussing caged wild animals, and the proper feeding, maintenance

and caging of such animals, it will be necessary to tread upon delicate grounds. To adequately discuss the needs of caged wild animals, it will be necessary to discuss a wide range of subjects: Certain points of law must be considered. Proper food diets, and results of bad diets, must be examined. It will be necessary to attempt to draw a sensible line between the humane and inhumane treatment of dumb animals. The mental illnesses and sexual abnormalities that so often crop up in caged wild animals must be discussed. Cage sanitation and the disposal of animal wastes will be important subjects.

Many of the subjects to be later discussed here will be dull reading to all but the few who are actually involved in the keeping of animals in captivity. Other subjects may arouse adverse reactions among the readers. Still other subjects will be manifestly indelicate ones that we will try to discuss as delicately as possible.

The State of Florida probably has more caged wild animals on public exhibit than any other state. The number of animal exhibits, and so-called "animal exhibits," in Florida has never been accurately calculated, but the total is more than several hundred. The Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission regularly receives complaints against animal exhibitors—the complaints coming from both Florida residents and visitors alike.

Therefore, the subject of caged wild animals is an important one in Florida. And it is time that the subject be fully and fairly discussed, because the number of wild animals in Florida is steadily increasing each year.

In my personal opinion, a wild animal in captivity may be fairly

compared to a human being placed in solitary confinement in a dark dungeon. Such a human, and such an animal, has been placed under very unusual circumstances, and the nature of those circumstances must be recognized.

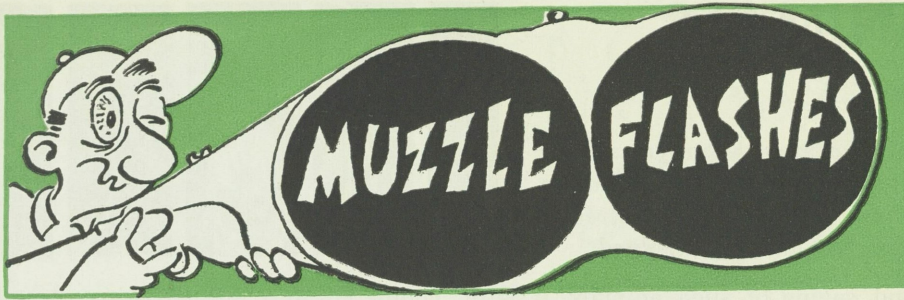
In fact, the wild animal in a cage upon public exhibition is undoubtedly under worse strain than a human being in solitary dungeon confinement. The reasoning for this statement will become apparent later in these discussions.

Let us first recognize that there is only one purpose that is a valid reason for the caging of a wild animal. The only excusable purpose is the purpose of public education. If the wild animal is being confined for any other reason, that animal is wrongly confined.

We must quickly point out one fact: It is not practical to release into the wilderness animals of the wild species that have long been held captive, or those which were born in captivity. Animals born in captivity, and animals that have been long held in cages, are not fitted for the wild life. Although they are of the wild species, they are not wild animals in the true sense of the word. They are abnormal animals, and it would be wrong, and dangerous to release such animals into the wilderness. Such animals would usually soon weaken and die in the wilderness, or, if they survived, would be dangerous to humans.

The solution, therefore, is not the release of wild animals from their cages, but the proper care of those animals and their confinement areas.

We find that the subject of caged wild animals a most interesting one that warrants considerable study and understanding. ●



EACH HUNTING SEASON brings forth many expressions of public opinion, and the one just closed was no exception!

Statewide, Florida's many thousands of deer hunters are both enthusiastic and laudatory concerning the apparently successful screw-worm eradication program. They feel that those who handled what constituted a seemingly impossible task did an outstanding job.

It is also the concensus of opinion that many of the fawns of each annual crop heretofore lost to the game supply because of screw-worm attacks will grow to maturity, and that within two years there will be a noticeable increase in the state's deer herds, along with more bucks to be hunted.

Undoubtedly, such beliefs have sound basis. However, there are a few flaws in what at first glance may seem a perfect and rosy picture.

First to be considered is increased hunting pressure. As Florida's resident population gets ever larger, more hunters will annually compete for the available game supply, deer included. Any increase in the state's total deer herd population is sure to be at least partially offset by this factor.

Next to be considered is the fact that each section of deer-range forest has a definite carrying capacity, as directly reflected by its natural food and shelter quotients. To take care of any future deer herd increases, there must be sufficient food of proper mineral content to insure continuance of the health and propagation of localized herds. Otherwise, there will be too many deer competing for too little food, and Nature will step in to balance populations (through disease) if

By **EDMUND McLAURIN**

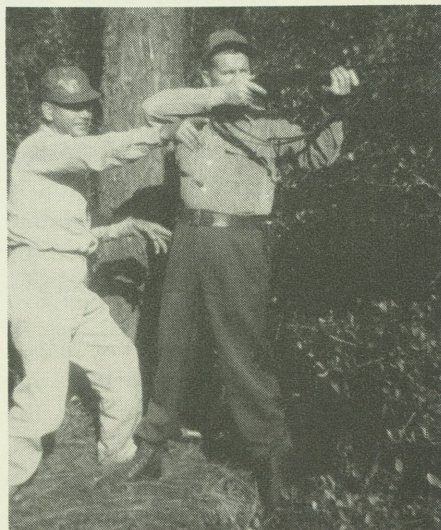
man does not take a hand. In some of Florida's hunting territory, the latter condition already exists.

Consider that, by nature, deer are primarily browsers — feeding off tender tips of certain low trees and shrubs as they move along, and occasionally consuming fallen acorns and other mast from the ground.

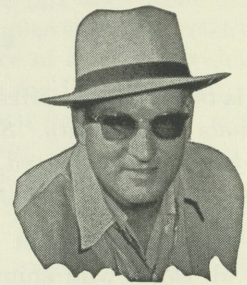
Game biologists say it takes 6 to 8 pounds of browse-food of good nutritional value daily to keep an adult deer in good health. An animal seldom finds that much food close to the point of developed hunger.

Just what this daily food intake represents in browsing time and food area traversed by a hungry animal can perhaps best be realized by considering the fact that it would take a man eight hours of constant selection and clipping to gather enough wild food to feed one deer for one day!

Also, while deer will eat a variety



The still hunter or slow stalker, hunting alone or with a guide, does not alarm deer like the known presence of a trailing dog.



of food items — such as palmetto berries, blackberries, honeysuckle, birdsfoot trefoil, dogwood, sumac and other more or less readily recognized forms of American vegetation — too often they will satisfy hunger pangs without consuming those foods which are of nutritional value.

In like vein, some types of soils will grow only certain forms of deer browse, and this native growth may be lacking in balanced mineral content.

Despite the popular and mistaken belief that any buck eighteen months old will have a fair rack of antlers, it takes high mineral content browse to bring about normal and full antler development!

However, given an abundance of the right foods, it is even possible for an early-year fawn to develop short spikes by December of the same year, according to biologists. . . .

But — to repeat two important facts — regardless of the nutritional value of suitable foods found within a deer-populated area, that area will only support just so many deer in good health, depending on how much nourishing food is locally available. Man must harvest each year's surplus crop; otherwise, Nature will step in and do the job. . . .

When a limited food supply must be divided among many feeders, the health of the herd is definitely affected. Weakened, mineral-lacking does, for example, will bear no fawns or else pitifully undernourished single offspring, instead of healthy twins. Should disease rear its ugly

head among the herd, only the strong would survive — and in an already weakened herd this could mean a severe, below normal cut-back of a once sizable herd.

Deer can feed only on those foods they can reach. Therefore, edible vegetation that grows so tall as to be above their reach cannot be rightly considered available feed.

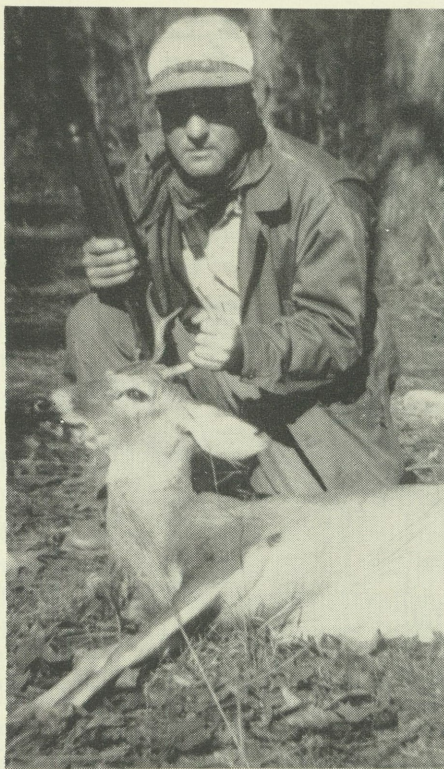
Likewise, where timber growth is undisturbed, there is a gradual reduction of the number of hours of sunlight on low-growing trees and shrubs. The result is that the supply of deer feed diminishes.

For a number of years, logging has been permitted in various sections of the Ocala Forest. Where such activity has occurred, new growth has invariably resulted in greater abundance of low-growing vegetation on which deer herds can browse. Unfortunately, areas logged years ago and not yet ready for re-logging are getting to be crowded with trees and shrubs grown too high for feeding deer to reach.

For this reason, the belief of many hunters is that the Ocala National Forest could benefit from controlled burning — say, one small area the first year, and another selected area, far distant, the next. This plan could be continued on a skip-about basis until a sizable block of the Forest's total acreage has received controlled burning.

To those who have already thrown up their hands in horror at the mere mention of the idea, I cite the endorsement of Dr. Joseph Linduska, game management conservationist employed by the Remington Arms Company. Dr. Linduska's opinions, clearly expressed and duly substantiated, have just been published in a national outdoor magazine.

In encouraging deer food growth, the value of supervised burning of small areas on a rotation basis should not be overlooked by those who control the destiny of Ocala National Forest. Surely, Forest Service personnel and Game Commission employees could combine forces on designated dates — possibly with



Muzzle Flashes editor with recent deer kill made without the aid of trailing dog-pack. The use of dogs and the lone hunting method each have their value in Florida deer hunting.

local sportsmen's groups — to accomplish this burning.

Along with controlled burning, many sportsmen are anxious to see more nourishing deer foods introduced in the Ocala Forest area.

While it is obviously true that the Forest's soil will support only certain forms of vegetation in vigorous growth, still, there must be at least one or more nourishing deer foods that can be successfully introduced and propagated.

If Forest Service and Game Commission biologists will designate an experimental area and help with the selection of suitable shrubs for initial planting, many sportsmen stand ready to give assistance.

Financially, conservationist Tom Wetherell, of Daytona Beach, is offering \$100 with which to buy the first experimental plantings. Denver Ste. Claire's campers, at the Lake Eaton summer youth conservation camp, could assist sportsmen—volunteers and supervising Forest Service officials with the project.

The Ocala National Forest has

sufficient acreage to support a much larger deer population than at present. Hunters feel the area should produce more deer, for better hunting. They want to see that objective realized.

Even the most enthusiastic dog handlers—men who love to hear a canine chorus following the trail of a fleeing deer, and who already have considerable money tied up in dogs—agree that there would be better deer hunting in the Ocala National Forest if the use of dogs in the pursuit or taking of deer were prohibited in the Forest for two or three years.

Under the law of averages, dogs have a 50-50 chance of running a doe instead of a buck — more so when the existing ratio of does to bucks is considerably out of proportion, as is the situation in some deer hunting areas. While such running may be fun for the dogs, it is unproductive for their handlers under the present buck law.

As might be expected, hard-run does feel the effects of constant chase. During the last hunting season, I had a chance to observe this first-hand on two different occasions.

On the first, a doe passed me within sixty feet, in piteous condition. Although unharmed by gun, she was on the verge of complete exhaustion, soaked in her own perspiration and sides heaving as tortured lungs attempted to supply her with needed air. Fortunately, I was able to break up the chase by collaring the lead dog when he came through—something not often accomplished when a dog-pack is on the trail of a doe.

On the second occasion, I was in a favorite tree-seat an hour before dawn. When daylight came, my investigative binoculars spotted seven doe under some pines about 100 yards away. They were totally unaware of my presence. The forest was silent and without hint of danger. . . . Yet all members of the herd were obviously disturbed. They kept milling about in a com-

(Continued on Page 33)



This is the second in a series of 12 reports on the operation of sportsmen's clubs.

ONCE DROVE SOME distance to make a scheduled speech before a sportsmen's club and after sitting outside a locked hall for an hour I learned the meeting had been canceled. I never heard from the club again.

Few program chairmen are that careless but many will take the first speaker they can get. He may be anything from a caterpillar collector to a clam digger. **Who cares?**

When you realize that every sportsmen's club program competes with a \$100,000 television show, it's no wonder the meeting hall looks so roomy.

The highly important program chairman's job often is given out as an afterthought.

Frank approach to the membership as to what they want in the way of programs may pay off. That's one way to thwart beefing. In a "specialist" club such as one made up entirely of boaters, shooters or archers, the job is simplified but the term "sportsmen's club" covers a multitude of activities and a room-full of bird-watchers may not exactly go into ecstasies over movies of a coon dog trial.

Some successful clubs book a "standard" series of meetings before they look for new programs. These "annuals" take up as many as 8 of the 12 monthly meetings and run about as follows:

1. Annual business meeting, usually scheduled for the regular session following election of officers. No entertainment.

2. Two all-out social events or parties—one during summer months

By CHARLES WATERMAN

and one aimed at attracting winter residents.

3. Fishing program for early spring.

4. Hunting program for early fall.

5. Youth program for spring, devoted to various youth conservation camps and projects.

6. A full evening of motion pictures of outdoor subjects.

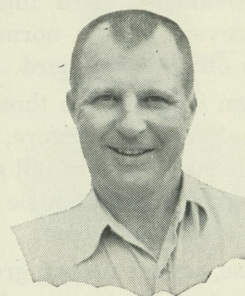
7. A "legislative meeting" for the purpose of discussing proposed laws that affect outdoor sport and conservation. During a legislative year, the program is devoted mainly to state bills but it also includes national problems.

There is an increasing tendency toward fewer but longer movie showings. Some officers feel the 15-minute movie is too much bother when shown alone. They'd rather gather up several good pictures and show all of them the same evening. There is a move toward showings in auditoriums with permanently installed projection equipment, even if the meeting place must be changed.

Experience shows that speakers on outdoor subjects get more attention when they exhibit some of the equipment used in their sport.

Many program chairmen pass up talent in their own clubs. A man shouldn't have to leave home to be an expert.

Above all, the program should be arranged as early as possible and should be PUBLICIZED. A speaker's subject should be known and reported both in the club announcement and through any news channels available.



Question and answer periods often prove the high spot of a program.

Speakers should remember the revival preacher's adage that few souls are saved after the first 20 minutes.

Audubon Awards

Three Audubon Society awards of the Certificate of Merit were presented to Floridians at the annual meeting of the society on Feb. 6.

Olive Hendrickson was one winner for her work in the Jacksonville area with Garden Club circles and her campaign against broadcast spraying for imported fire ants. Henry T. Becker of Tallahassee was cited for his continued efforts to get conservation established in state education curricula. Dr. H. R. Wilber, now executive secretary of the Florida Wildlife Federation, was awarded a certificate for his work as president of the Federation during 1959.

Winners of the awards in 1958 were Bea Fairing and A. D. Aldrich.

Walton League

Formation of a Florida state council of the Izaak Walton League has been authorized by the national executive board, according to an announcement by S. Gary Bennett, Jr., of Cocoa, president of the Brevard County chapter of the League.

All IWLA chapters and members have been invited to Cocoa Beach for May 6, 7, and 8, to form and make application for the state council. Reservations for the meetings



GOVERNOR'S AWARD — C. Tom Henderson, assistant attorney general, was named Conservationist of the Year by a special annual awards program, sponsored by the Sears Roebuck Foundation, and administered by the Florida Wildlife Federation.

boating legislation and work on various state water conservation and water quality committees.

Conservation Awards

C. Tom Henderson, assistant attorney general and director of statutory revision, was named "Conservationist of the Year" at a banquet held in Tallahassee in February.

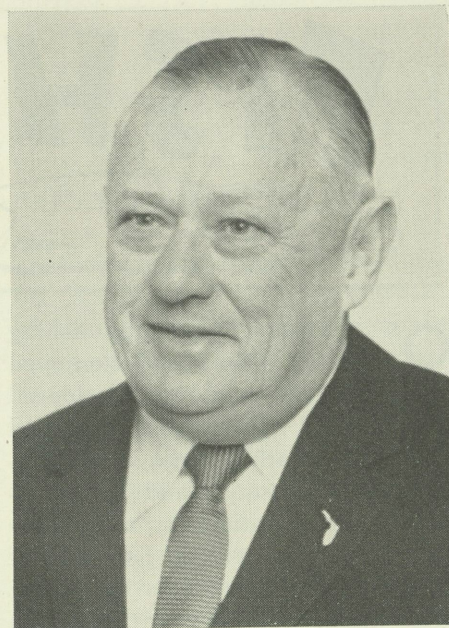
The annual awards program, sponsored by the Sears Roebuck Foundation and administered by the Florida Wildlife Federation, is for the purpose of selecting Floridians who have made outstanding contributions to the field of conservation. Regional and state winners were honored in eight divisions, receiving a gold medal, a governor's certificate and cash awards. The "Conservationist of the Year" received a gold medal, a certificate and a cash award of \$100.

Charles Schilling of Jensen Beach received the state outdoor writers' award. Regional winners were Edmund McLaurin of St. Petersburg, gun editor of *FLORIDA WILDLIFE* and free-lancer; Tom Hardman, publisher of *OUTBOARD MAGAZINE* of Jacksonville, Bernard Kahn of Daytona Beach, sports editor of the *NEWS JOURNAL* and Floyd Miller of the *JACKSON COUNTY FLORIDIAN*.

J. C. (Buddy) Camp of Jasper was state winner in the forestry division. Regional winners were F. R. Bergquist of Ft. Pierce, A. B. Covall of DeFuniak Springs, J. R. Spratt of LaBelle and Marion C. Roche of Ocala.

E. E. Carter of Vero Beach received the state award for soil conservation. Regional winners were B. J. Sweat of Balm, Forrest Beach of Trenton, John D. Fuqua of Altha and Gary E. Snow of Orlando.

The top game commission award went to Congressman Robert Sikes of Crestview. Regional winners were Eugene Doss of Mulberry High School, Judge Wade Hampton of Gainesville, Earl Diemer of West Palm Beach and Russell Mason of Maitland.



AMERICAN MOTORS AWARD — Dr. H. R. Wilber, of DeLand, was named as one of the ten outstanding conservation leaders in America for 1959, and was presented with the American Motors conservation award at the annual Sears Roebuck Foundation banquet.

may be made at the KoKo Motel and the Congress Motel.

To qualify for a state council chapter, 25 qualified and acceptable persons must apply. Not fewer than five of them shall come from one community and not less than five communities in the state must be represented.

American Motors Award

Named as one of the ten outstanding conservation leaders in America for 1959, Dr. H. R. Wilber of DeLand has received the American Motors conservation award, presented at the annual awards banquet of the Sears Roebuck Foundation.

Wilber, who has been a resident of Florida since 1951, retired last September as president of the Florida Wildlife Federation and is now serving as a "dollar a year" executive secretary for the group. Before coming to Florida, Wilber was a conservation leader in Indiana and Kentucky.

His Florida activities have been highlighted by his work as president of the Federation, his chairmanship of the Sears Foundation awards program, activity on the recently passed

In salt water conservation, Maitland Adams of Key West was the state winner. Regional awards went to Richard E. Knight of Tampa, Dr. Archie Carr of the University of Florida, L. E. Dequine of Pensacola and Ross Witham of Stuart.

Charles Labens was named to receive the club public relations award for the Wildlife Conservation League of Palm Beach County with regional awards going to W. E. Moore for the Largo Chapter of Future Farmers of America, Mrs. Evelyn Waybright of Jacksonville for the Women's Club of Jacksonville; Ross Stephenson of the Compass Lake Conservation & Sportsmen's Club of Compass Lake and Herb F. Robinson for the Orange County Sportsman's Club of Orlando.

In adult guidance of junior conservation effort, D. R. Allen of Gainesville was the winner. Regional awards went to B. L. Timmons of Bartow, Mrs. J. M. McElvie of Panama City, Herb Mayhew of Miami and Cecil Tucker of Sanford.

Walter Yongue III of Anthony, who has been active in Boy Scout-

(Continued on Page 30)



ON A RECENT, seven-day fishing trip, my friends and I enjoyed what certainly would be considered a successful experience. We had beautiful weather, enjoyable companions, pleasant and comfortable accommodations at reasonable prices. We, also, caught fish—lots of fish! None of us need to fill a boat with fish to be happy, in fact, altho we must have caught well over 1000 fish, we returned all but about 12 to the water unharmed. Those we kept were for the table. We ate pompano, snapper, sea trout, bluefish, and Spanish mackerel.

On such a fishing trip, I tend to become completely immersed in the fishing. This time was no exception. We fished hard all day and talked fishing half the night. Our dinner table each evening took on the aspects of a round table panel discussion about fishing, methods, and tackle. Other diners were obviously interested, and they, too, joined in the conversation. From all this, I was reminded once again that it is impossible to put too much stress on the basic facts of angling.

One of the problems the angler has is in separating "good" facts from "bad" facts. Make no mistake about it, many of the accepted facts of sports fishing are as phony as a three-dollar bill. Here are a few examples.

Do you think fly casting is a difficult art, possible only to experts born under the sign of Pisces? Wrong. Fly casting is ridiculously simple. I have demonstrated many times that a person who had never before held a fly rod could be taught to cast properly to a distance of 40 feet in less than one minute.

Do you believe catching trout is somehow much more difficult, re-

By **CHUCK SCHILLING**

quiring more delicacy and finesse than catching bass and bream? Wrong again. I have found trout fishing comparatively easy. With few exceptions, trout will hold and take under conditions that would quickly flush most other game fish.

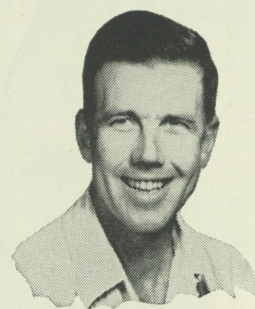
Do all misconceptions center around fly casting and trout? By no means. Here are a few of the things we discussed at our impromptu round table in the Keys that seemed to have great interest to all. Of course, these conclusions are matters of opinion, but they have all stood the test of considerable time.

Dos and Don'ts

On the fishing trip in question, we were using spinning tackle, 8-pound test line, and 20-pound test mono leaders. We used nothing but Salty Jigs as lures. These were in all white, all yellow, and red and



Think fresh-water trout are more difficult to catch than bass? Not so. They are usually not nearly so spooky.



yellow color combinations. They all had long, nylon skirts. No hair or feather skirts were involved. Were we penalized by this fact? I think not.

For many years, this old fly tyer was partial to feathers and hair on artificial lures. I made literally thousands of my own jigs using feathers and bucktail. These ranged from marabou to gamecock feathers and from polar bear to monkey tail hair. Like thousands of my kind, I was searching for that elusive hair or feather that would give the "best action." Unfortunately, like the others, I was measuring action in the lure against my own personal standards. This is the mistake many anglers make.

A few years back, Everett Williams, creator of the famous Floreo Jigs in St. Pete, started me thinking of skirt material in terms of the fish's preference rather than my own. Williams, who probably knows more about jigs than anyone around, had a strong case for nylon—strong enough, at least, to make me reconsider the whole proposition.

Now, after much struggling with deep-rooted prejudices, I firmly believe that fine-diameter, crinkle nylon will attract more strikes and catch more fish. Granted, nylon does not have the "action" that feathers and hair possess, but this ideal action is a creation in our own minds. It has nothing to do with preferences of the fish. In several years of careful experimenting, I will now vote for nylon 3 to 1. When you consider the added bonus of nylon's

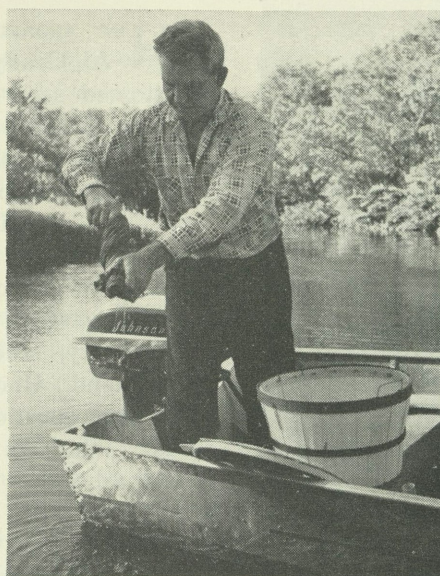
durability, the choice is further simplified.

Color is another subject of great interest. I have narrowed my own use down to all yellow, all white, and red and yellow. Of these three, I use all yellow most, red and yellow next, with all white a poor third. To be more specific, I have found that all white will, at times, produce a great many strikes from species of fish I'm not particularly anxious to catch. I believe the yellow colors will take more trout, snook, and pompano, for instance, when these fish are mixed with ladyfish or jacks—not that I've got anything against ladyfish or jacks, who are near the top in all qualities that make a game fish great.

The subject of rods is bound to come up when anglers gather, and one of the most persistent debates concerns single or two-piece construction. Many anglers still knowingly insist the action of a two-piece rod is much inferior. Let's really consider this business. Let's take a typical 6½-foot, medium action, hollow-glass spinning rod. There is no doubt that a single-piece rod is stronger than one of two pieces. There is, also no doubt that the "flat" in the rod's arc produced by a ferrule alters the rod's action, but are these considerations necessarily bad? I think not, when the problem is viewed in its entirety.

Two-piece rods are built for just one reason. They are more portable, easier to carry, ship, and handle. If these considerations are no problem to you, then by all means buy one-piece rods, because they are usually a little less expensive. If, however, convenience dictates a two-piece rod (it almost always does) then don't let out-of-date thinking make you hesitate in choosing one.

Loss of strength in a properly built, two-piece rod is so slight, the difference will never be a factor in the rod's life. As a matter of fact, the hardest working areas in the rod are considerably above and below the ferrule joint. I have been using two-piece spinning rods of the



A bushel basket and a wet burlap bag will keep fish fresh longer than the usual fish stringer method.

type described for years and have never had the slightest trouble with them.

Now for that action bugaboo—all good rods, both two-piece and single, have much more action built into them than the angler will ever get out. I have never seen a caster whose timing and coordination were so perfect that the action loss in a two-piece rod made any difference. I never expect to, because I don't think this supercaster will ever exist. Back in the days of early hollow-glass, many poorly made, two-piece rods hit the market. These had heavy, clumsy, ill-fitting ferrules, and some of them had ferrule stations on the blanks ground down paper-thin, to make the ferrules fit. These practices made a very doubtful product that earned a deservedly poor reputation. Fortunately, the years have produced materials and experience, now being used by all reputable manufacturers, that make these old fears groundless.

Size of guides on spinning rods is, also, a subject that generates much heat. A year or so ago, I answered a "Question Box" query about spinning guides, and Charles Kirk of Orlando almost took my head off, because I said big-diameter, heavy guides not only were not necessary but detrimental to the rod's use and

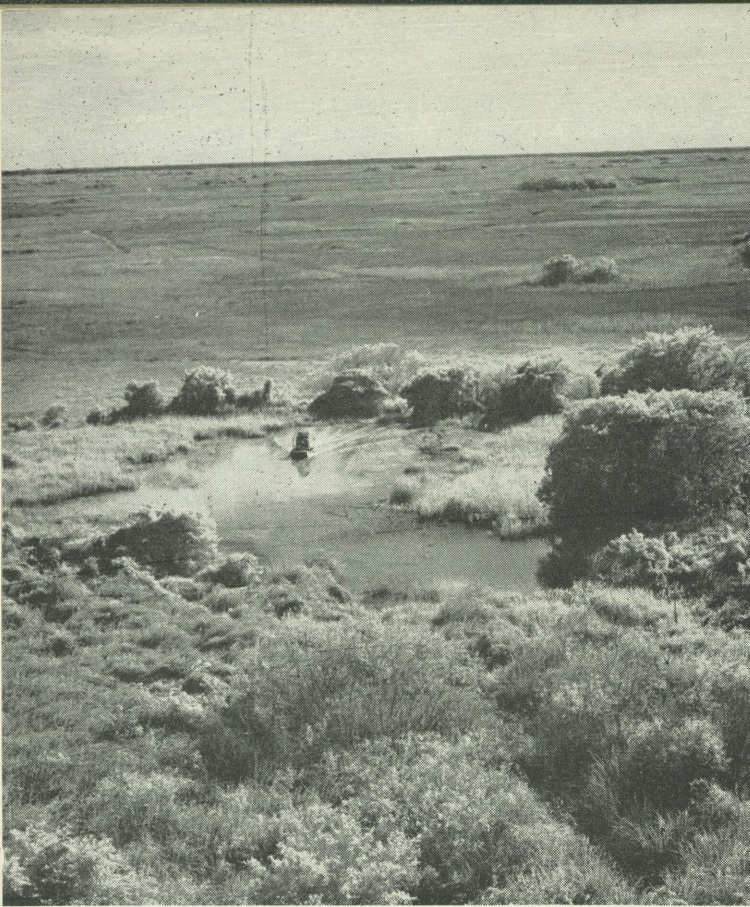
purpose. I can't laugh off Kirk's objection, because he is a recognized spinning expert. He really believes big-diameter guides add materially to casting distance. If I didn't convince him, he, by the same token, made no impression on me.

Now I am happy to report that another spinning expert has sounded off. Bob (Capt. Mack) McChristian of Miami is one of Florida's pioneer spinning experts and not only uses, but designs and builds, superlative spinning tackle, rods, reels, guides, and lures. Capt. Mack is now waxing eloquent on the theory of the small guide's superiority. In fact, he has some slow-motion and high-speed movies that pretty well prove his theory that standard and larger-than-standard spinning guides actually slow down the cast. Perhaps this is another instance of the wrong thing looking so obviously right it never becomes suspect.

While on the subject of spinning, I can't help but mention closed and open faced spinning reels. I own and use both. I have three different makes of open faced spinning reels, and I, also, have four of the closed faced reels sold by both Shakespeare and South Bend. These closed faced reels are not popular in Florida, and that's a shame, because they are, in many ways, superior to the open faced type. I'm not now talking about spincast reels but regular spinning reels used in the below-the-hand position.

In my opinion, closed faced reels have only one drawback, and this is a doubtful disadvantage. Top capacity on closed faced reels is slightly less than capacity for open faced types of similar over-all size. Top capacity for 8-pound line on my closed faced reel is 150 yards. In all my years of fishing these reels, I've only had by line completely stripped once. Ninety-nine per cent of the time, 150 yards of 8-pound mono is more than enough. Of course, heavy-duty fishing calling for big rods, reels, and lines is another matter, but for the average spin fisherman, using medium rods with

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The Everglades is just what the name signifies — a stand of glades, or grass, extending "ever" farther in the distance, as it seems.

"**H**OP ABOARD, FELLOWS," Charlie Loveless said. Al, Grady and I cast doubtful looks at that flat-bottomed scow with its propeller riding in the air astern. Then we gazed at the morass of water hyacinths and marsh that blocked the way before us. But whatever our private thoughts, we dutifully climbed in. You see, Dr. Bob Godfrey was watching, and he's the fellow who was handing out grades on this classroom exercise in the Everglades!

We were all advanced students from Florida State University, studying the ecology of the 'Glades at first hand. Under these circumstances, there never was any question that we would go aboard that airboat. What we doubted was that we might ever get back ashore!

Then, with a word of advice about hanging on tightly—a few weeks ago he had lost a visiting scientist overboard in the middle of the 'Glades!—Loveless revved 'er up and took out over a plant-choked pond where no sensible boat had any business being.

No need to worry about us hanging on, though, since we gripped the railing till our knuckles were white as the airboat hurtled itself over beds of water lilies, arrowhead, and maiden-cane. Then came the sawgrass. Loveless zoomed his way into a six-foot-wide slough lying between two high walls of sawgrass, and that's the last we saw of open water.

From then on, the craft zig-zagged along that tortuous route at what seemed a mile-a-minute pace. When the trail narrowed, the sharp sawgrass whipped

Classroom IN THE EVERGLADES

Most easily accessible by
airboat, this immense wilderness is
home for a host of wonderful wildlife creatures

By HORACE LOFTIN

Commission Photo by Jim Floyd



against our jackets and nipped at our ears. I wondered what might happen if one of those jagged-edged leaves happened to strike my eyes, and I buried my head deeper in my upturned collar.

After about 20 minutes of this, our pilot headed the airboat straight into that "solid" wall of sawgrass, and I figured this was when my wife would collect that insurance money—double indemnity included! But instead of heeling over or sending us flying into the 'Glades, that crazy craft just pushed the grass aside and glided along with the greatest of ease. After a brief bit of this maneuvering, Loveless swung the airboat back into the slough and cut the motor.

Allowing time for the roaring in our ears to subside, Charlie spoke up for the first time since we started on that perilous voyage. "This is it, boys. You're in the Everglades!"

From my place on the dack of the airboat I could not see above the top of the sawgrass lining the slough, so I climbed onto the pilot's seat for a better view. Hidden to the left of the slough was a tiny growth of willow and a handful of other scrubs. But other than this, all I could see as far as my eyes could follow the horizon was *grass, grass, grass!*

That's when the full impact of the nature and meaning of the Everglades came home to me. A vast marshland, a veritable Sea of Grass, covering a million or more acres of sub-tropical Florida! Not stands of open water, not mangrove or cypress swamps, but

mile after mile of sawgrass, six to eight feet tall or taller, and practically uninterrupted by any other prominent types of vegetation or changes in the landscape. While there are variations on this theme in the 'Glades, the typical sawgrass stands remain the dominating feature over all, covering 60 per cent of the 2,500,000 acres technically considered as part of the Everglades.

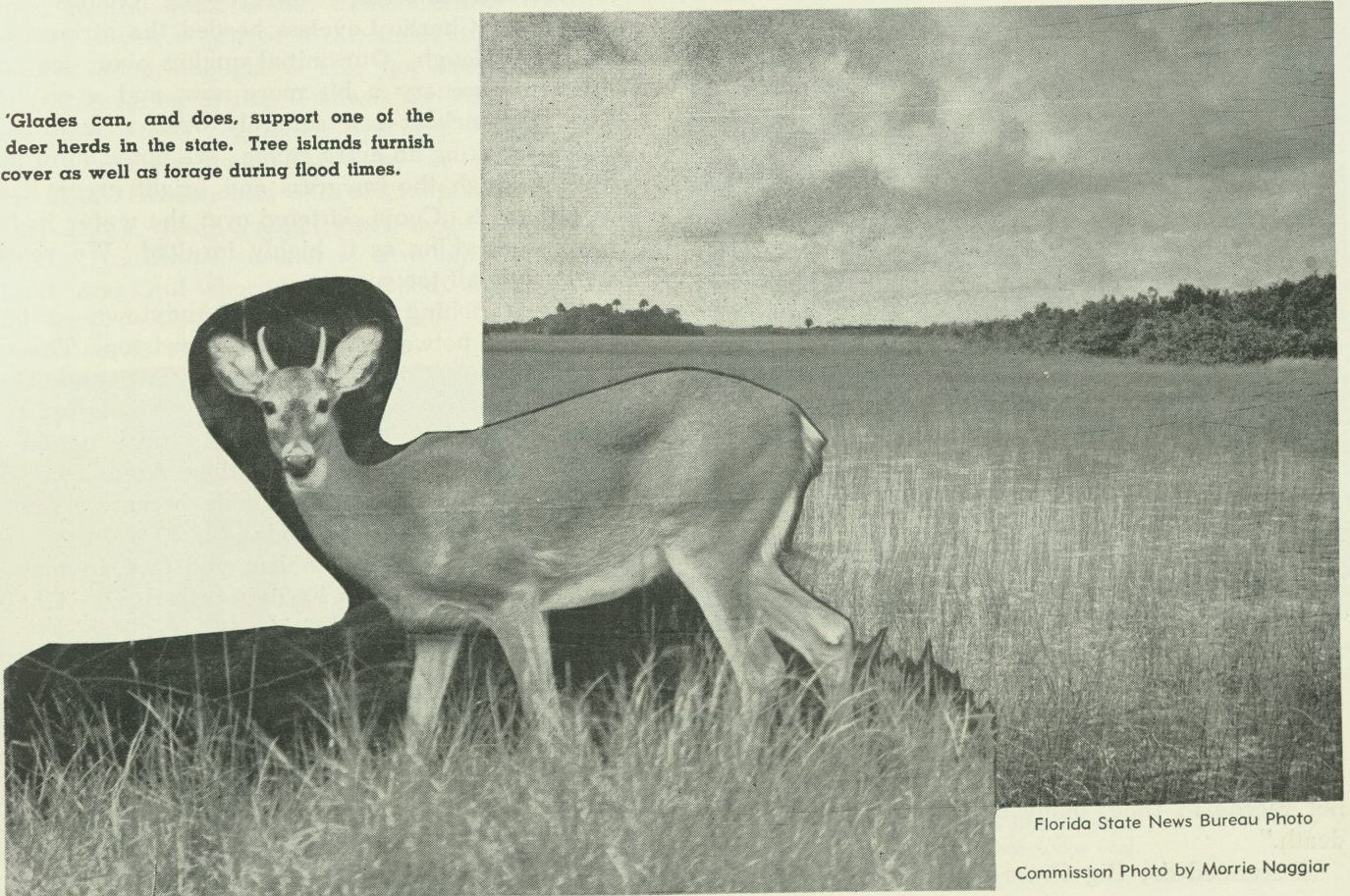
Many times before this I had seen what I *thought* was the Everglades as I drove along the highway from Lake Okeechobee to Miami. The muck farms I knew were altered from the primitive condition, but I had figured that those thickets of willows, custard apple and other water-loving shrubs and trees beside the road were really representative of the 'Glades, along with thick beds of water lilies and other aquatic plants of the drainage ditches.

But I was dead wrong. These "typical" growths are merely the result of man's changes wrought along the edges of the true 'Glades. And where man's work has altered the water supply that formerly drained into the Big Grass, such scrubs are rising in the 'Glades proper like scars from a wound.

The Everglades is just what its name implies: a stand of glades or grass extending ever farther in the distance, as it seems. "Miles and miles of miles and miles," Charlie Loveless called it.

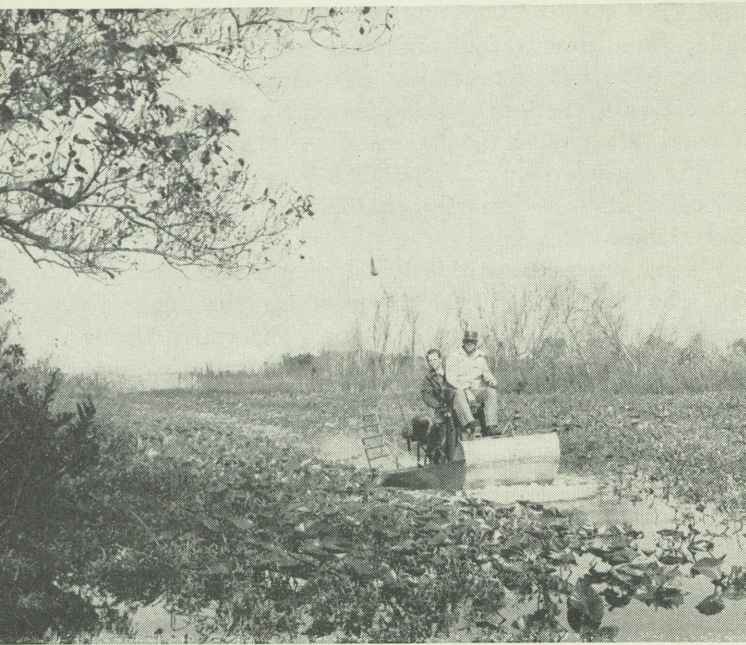
"This clump of shrubs over here is one of the tree islands that pop up from place to place over
(Continued on Next Page)

The 'Glades can, and does, support one of the best deer herds in the state. Tree islands furnish cover as well as forage during flood times.



Florida State News Bureau Photo

Commission Photo by Morrie Naggiar



Airboats are the only effective way to get around Florida's southern wilderness known as the Everglades.

(Continued From Preceding Page)

the 'Glades," Loveless said, interrupting our reveries. "They play a big part in our Everglades game management program, since they furnish cover for the deer and other game as well as forage in flood times."

"You mean there are enough deer out in this marsh to bother about?" one of the boys asked incredulously.

"Sure!" said Charlie. "We didn't always think so, but the Game Management Division biologists have learned that the 'Glades can and does support one of the best deer herds in the state. The annual hunting take from the 'Glades now ranks right along with the Ocala and Eglin Field deer kills."

"Then what the heck do the deer live on out here—and how do they get around? They must be a special breed with webbed feet!"

"We haven't found any webbed feet yet," Charlie assured us, "but we have done a study that shows that the deer can get along well in water a few inches deep—the normal amount that lies above the peat. Surprisingly enough, 60 per cent of their food is made up of white water lily and swamp lily, and they seem to thrive on it. As a matter of fact, we have made some chemical tests of their natural foods from the 'Glades and found that many of them are extremely high in nutritional value.

"Funny thing, too. The deer will pick and choose just those kinds of plants that our tests show have the greatest food value.

"When the water gets too high, they all have to take to the tree islands. Occasionally when the water stays high too long, they may strip these islands bare, peeling the bark off the trees. And if the water does not recede in time, many of them simply starve to death."

I scanned the Big Grass from my perch atop the

pilot's seat again. "You've got a big country here, Charlie. How much of it is under the care of the Game and Fish Commission?"

"Quite a piece—some three quarters of a million acres of land in Conservation Areas Two and Three. Frank Ligas and I are the only game management biologists on the place at present. There are also a few wildlife officers—wardens—and some other people from the Commission, but not enough.

"You'd be surprised, though, that in spite of our small numbers we can still do a fairly good job of controlling the area during the hunting season. You see, there are just a few points in our management area where airboats can be launched—and airboats are the only effective way to get around out here. So by putting men at these launching sites, plus some others on patrol, we can watch the area pretty closely.

"But of course this means that Frank and I don't have much time for wildlife research when the hunting season's on. Actually, there are enough problems out here in the 'Glades to keep a squad of scientists busy for the next 100 years. We have barely begun to learn all of what we need to know about the 'Glades if we are to manage it properly in the best interests of wildlife and sportsmen."

With this impressive lecture—the 'Glades as our classroom—Charlie Loveless headed the airboat back down the slough. Our initial qualms over, we could enjoy the scenery a bit more now, and even laugh when the airboat ran squarely over a floating log without making an extra ripple. We noted faint game trails through the sawgrass and bright green lizards on the leaves. Coots skittered over the water in front of us, squawking as if highly insulted. We reached the landing all too soon.

The launching ramp was at Andytown—a bump in Route 27 between Miami and Clewiston. The road here separates Conservation Areas Two and Three. To the west is Area Three, where we had just been. In the afternoon, Loveless was to take us on the high dike to the east, surrounding Area Two. But first, a lunch; and the lunch table became a seminar round-table on the Everglades.

What's the biggest problem you face in management of the 'Glades, Charlie?" asked Dr. Godfrey between bites on a sandwich.

Loveless thought a minute, then answered: "Water! That's the meat and soul of the Everglades. And without careful planning and control, there wouldn't be enough of it to keep the 'Glades as it is.

"All this whole area represents what's left of the bottom of a sea that covered this part of Florida some 25,000 or so years ago. When the ocean receded, the 'Glades began to develop as a low marsh area. Drain-

age from Lake Okeechobee moving slowly over this nearly flat land created an ideal water situation for sawgrass—not too deep, not too shallow; and seasonal rains gave the needed wet periods and dry periods through the year. So over the thousands of years, this great 'Glades was created and maintained—one of the largest fresh water marshes in the world.

"Then man entered the picture. About 50 years ago, draining of parts of the 'Glades began, in the hope of converting it into one vast agricultural area. Then Lake Okeechobee was diked and canals dug to run excess water directly into the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico, instead of letting it flow south through the 'Glades. The net result was to deprive the 'Glades of its normal water supply.

"Things reached a climax during the 1940's, when for a time it looked like we wouldn't have an Everglades any more—and the State was paying for this disaster by vast marsh fires which covered our Gold Coast cities in a California-like smog; city reservoirs filled with salt water; reclaimed agricultural land was deteriorating; flood followed flood. Thank goodness, we got some sense in time, and the Central and South Florida Flood Control District was organized to repair the mess.

"This agency has done an excellent job in planning and providing for best use of the 'Glades for all interests concerned, from the cities and industries to the wildlife values. The fact that the Game Commission is managing this stretch of the Everglades is a tribute to the work of the Flood Control District."

Then Loveless paused a bit, thoughtfully. "What we have done, though, is still not enough for the best conservation of the 'Glades. We still must have better water-level regulation over the 'Glades. The most obvious way to do this is to let water flow in from Lake Okeechobee, the old, natural source of water. If we could channel most of the Okeechobee overflow southward, instead of east and west to the Atlantic and Gulf where it does nobody any good, then

we will have a tremendous boost toward preserving the Everglades."

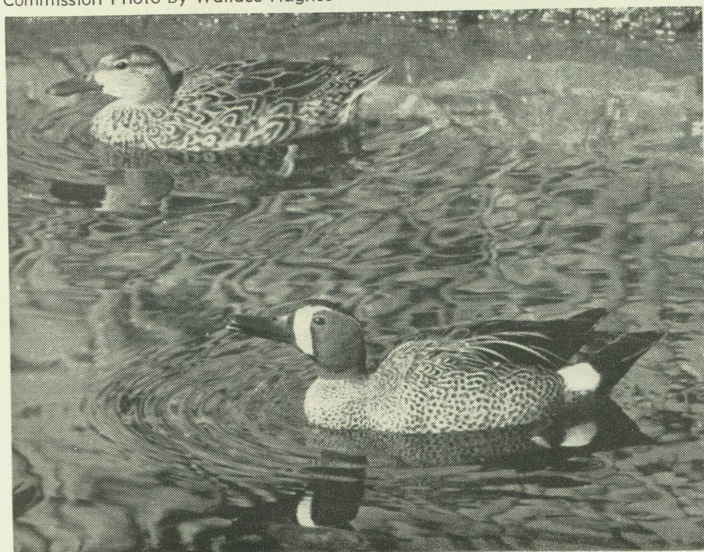
Lunch over, we headed out for the cars and started up the grade leading to the big dike that runs around Conservation Area Two. From the top of the dike, we could see the flat, grassy 'Glades lying below us. Here and there through the sawgrass emerged the tree islands, most of them just a few acres in extent. Right up against the dike was a narrow channel of standing water and this was bordered by a stand of willows and other shrubby plants. This bit of open water is a fishing heaven, Loveless told us, while the tree border serves as cover and forage for wildlife.

But on the other side of the dike lay vast open fields, cut through with canals and fences. There were some crops in a few of the plots and some cattle. Other acres were being staked off for "development."

Loveless halted the procession of cars after a while. We all piled out and gathered round, as he pointed to a small pond surrounded by grass. "That pond was a tree island last year!" Charlie announced.

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Commission Photo by Wallace Hughes



Wherever you find a bit of open water in the 'Glades, you usually find a "fishing heaven."

Blue-wing teal are symbolic of the waves of waterfowl that wing into the Everglades each winter.



The tree stand stood high above the forest floor. The hunter crouches tense as the trailing dogs come closer.

FLORIDA'S OUTSTANDING DEER HUNT

By **GEORGE X. SAND**

THE SUDDEN NEARBY explosion from a shotgun shatters the crisp woodland stillness. Seated high above the brown forest floor you freeze in your tree-platform, listening with abruptly checked breath for the muffled drumming of racing hoofs; perhaps the swift telltale glimpse of the buck's bounding white flag.

Nothing.

You shift position slightly, to better scan a sun-splashed opening between tall pines in the direction from which the warning sound came.

Without a sound, the
big buck melted
away as silently as he
had materialized

Suddenly, there he stands —
long antlered head
thrust forward.



If a lithe gray-brown antlered form were to suddenly dash into view in that clearing you could puncture it easily with a heavy slug from the over-and-under Browning 12 gauge you hold in ready hands.

The tenseness of expectancy continues to permeate the chill late January morning air. It seems to mingle with the pungent aroma of evergreens, the subdued sound of barking from a gray squirrel that has been alerted somewhere behind you.

You listen for the sound of pur-

suings hounds, but hear none. For the first time since daybreak, an hour earlier, there is no dog music resounding through the forest glens.

A crow flaps past low overhead, only a few yards higher than where you sit. The black bird suddenly bursts into raucous cries. Did it see you crouching there—or did it see something else?

You strain your eyes through the woodsy half-light to see who may have shot. You cannot see him. The hunters have been very carefully placed on this deer hunt . . . well beyond gunshot distance from one another.

Even if you did see the other man you'd likely not recognize him. It may well be one of Florida's ex-Governors, dressed in faded khakis and a slouch hat like so many of the others who've come from all parts of the state to enjoy this greatest of all Florida hunts. It may be a member of the current Florida Legislature. Perhaps a police officer on his day off. Or a mortician. Or a truck driver.

For this is a most unusual hunt, indeed, that you are participating in. No doubt it is Florida's largest. It is expensive . . . grandiose . . . exciting; yet at the same time humble and inspiring, too.

Whoever the unseen hunter may be, you know he won't leave his stand. Nor will you go to investigate if he made good his shot. For you both—along with more than a hundred other deer and turkey hunters—were given explicit instructions on that score before dawn this morning by Col. W. M. ("Shorty") Davidson in the ornate new restaurant at Silver Springs, near Ocala, where we'd all been invited to assemble for breakfast.

"Boys, we've never had an accident on these annual Silver Springs hunts and we don't intend to start today," said Shorty, his normally twinkling, friendly face grown serious for the moment. "So don't ex-

pect to take along anything alcoholic to drink when you go into these woods . . . , and under no circumstances shoot at any object, moving or still, until you are first *positive* what your target is."

After stomach-fortifying helpings of eggs and home-cured sausage we had all piled into waiting jeeps and other vehicles and moved off through the night in a long line of headlighted cars toward the deer-famed "Scrub" of the nearby Ocala National Forest. Easy-going Carl Ray, like Shorty a veteran woodsman and co-owner of Silver Springs with Col. Davidson, had directed placement of their eager guests on their woodland stands. He was ably assisted in this by his sons Bill and Buck; Ricou Browning, Bud Boyette and others of the large Silver Springs staff.

Each man seemed to know his job perfectly, and did it quickly, efficiently.

One moment you found yourself surrounded by friendly, bantering voices amidst the warmth of the crowded jeep—the faces and upright gun barrels of these others silhouetted against the bouncing lights of the following vehicles—the next you were alone in the thick darkness of the pressing trees, listening to the

murmur of the jeep's meshing gears melting away in the distance.

Before you your probing flashlight beam revealed an ancient, mighty oak. You probed the pencil-thin finger of light skyward and high overhead you saw the great tree's gnarled branches, festooned with Spanish moss, framed against the coldly twinkling stars. Short lengths of sturdy board were nailed to the slanting trunk to provide a convenient ladder for climbing to the comfortable shooting platform that awaited you in the darkness above.

First, however, you followed the safety instructions again and tied fast the end of a stout cord dangling nearby to the trigger guard of your empty gun. This left you free to climb with both hands. You would pull the gun up later.

Now, following the sudden shot, you can hear the sound of a slowly approaching car. Buck Ray is the sole occupant. "It was a big one—and he missed it," he calls up to you softly. "We'll get that hunter's shirt-tail later. Right now, you stay where you are—I jumped three of them on the way to this stand to learn what'd happened."

Buck pulls quietly away and you
(Continued on Next Page)



A hunter runs forward to lend a hand with buck felled by another's gun.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

snuggle a little deeper into your down-filled hunting jacket and prepare to wait.

Trees rub together and creak dismally before the rising wind. You find your attention drawn to the moss-green trunk of the venerable forest giant in whose arms you are cradled. You wonder how many spectacular incidents its sightless eyes have watched parade themselves across the pages of the book of Time; how many poignant eras of American history have flowed and stopped and flowed again like a restless tide about its feet while it grew: Washington encouraging his frozen troops at Valley Forge; the assassination of Lincoln; Lindbergh's lone ocean flight; the searing sneak attack on Pearl Harbor.

Suddenly, *there he stands*—long antlered head thrust forward from behind a palmetto thicket, shiny black nostrils tasting the air inquisitively while big amber eyes seem to be looking right through you . . .

Even as you ease off the safety and start the gun upward into aiming position you count the antler points: six. Before you can push the gun stock against your shoulder, however, he's gone . . . melting back into the somber forest just as silently as he'd materialized.

You blink. Was that spectre-like form real after all? You know it was—and silently you berate yourself for not having been ready. Anything can happen in the deer woods. Anything. There is no time for day dreaming.

You hear dogs now. They are off in the distance—too far to be on the trail of this particular deer, you feel. The faint sound of the pack rises and falls on the chill wind like some distant forest witchery intended to fire your imagination and pull your thoughts away so that in your mind's eye you see a far-off pine glade where a bounding brown and white form leaps majestically over brush and downed timber as it races away to the glorious freedom which the Maker has reserved for things of the wild.

You pull yourself back with a start. You've got to remain alert—else you may well flub another opportunity. The big six-pointer had been ghosting through the forest alone . . . undoubtedly, there were others like him keeping their distance from the dogs—

Wah-r-o-o-m. Wah-r-o-o-m. Wah-r-o-o-m. This time the explosions come from a stand in the opposite direction. It is the quick triple bark of an automatic.

The unexpected sound has pivoted you in your seat—just in time to see a lithe brown form racing right at you.

The over-and-under leaps to your shoulder. You sight quickly down the raised barrel rib. The deer has disappeared for the moment behind some scrub growths. But it is coming fast. You can hear the racing hoofs drumming against the earth.

Automatically, you compute the intervening distance. When it reaches the second clump of palmetto fronds from the base of your tree it will be within easy range.

The deer reaches the green leaves and darts past them. Your finger

curls about the single trigger. Then you stop.

It's a doe.

Slowly, you lower the gun. You realize that you are sweating. After nearly 30 years of this sort of thing you can still thrill to it.

The doe is running silently past now, almost directly under your tree. She's a dainty thing, clean and white. She pauses briefly, big ears thrust straight up, small head turning first in one direction, then slowly in the other. It is obvious that she has no inkling you are watching her every graceful move from above. A tree stand seems to eliminate human scent at ground level completely.

Shortly the pursuing hounds appear. They trail swiftly, heads held low against the cold forest carpet, raising them only long enough now and then to bay skyward the tidings of the exciting hot musk that chokes their panting noses. First comes a burly redbone. Then a Walker. Then a lemon-colored mongrel who obviously makes up in enthusiasm what he may lack in pedigree.

They pass and once more the forest settles down to its role of watch-
(Continued on Page 42)



Part of the crowd of eager sportsmen who assemble each year to enjoy the outstanding end-of-the-season deer hunt.

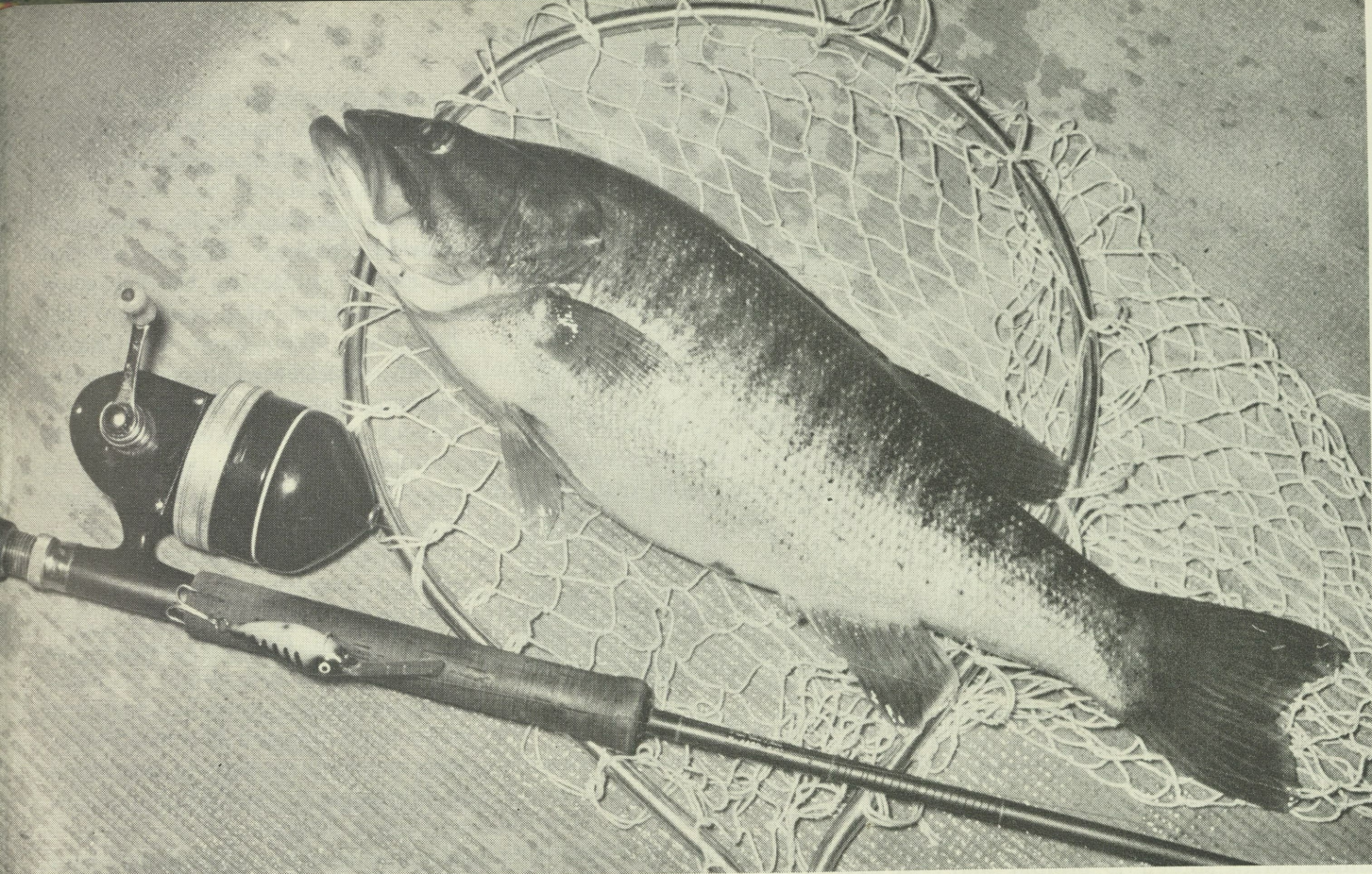


Photo by Bill Hansen

Three pounds five ounces of piscatorial dynamite. A nice specimen of the Redeye, or Shoal bass, taken on small deep running lure and spinning gear.

"Hit it right and you are sure to find the Chipola River's Red-eyes . . ."

A MILE BELOW Peacock Bridge, Floyd Miller, guide and local fishing expert of Marianna, Florida, cut the motor and let the bateau coast toward the head of a long, swift water limestone shoal.

"Drop your plug right in behind that boulder," he directed, indicating a rock protruding above the surface some twenty yards ahead of the boat. The light spinning lure arched through the air and plopped into the swirling eddy just below the spot he had indicated. Acting on Floyd's instructions, I started a slow, even retrieve of the small, deep running lure. I had made only a few turns of the reel handle when I had a terrific smashing strike.

Instinctively I gave the rod a short quick upward flip. The response was immediate and spectacular as a chunk of piscatorial dynamite exploded out of the crystal waters of the Chipola River. I had the impression of a flashing white-bellied

SITTING ON READY

By MORRIS H. SHAW

fish with tawny golden sides. He crashed the surface with a belly whopping splash and was off, the line smoking through the guides as the bass made a sizzling down river run. Suddenly the fish broke water again. Straight up he came, throwing spray in a wide arc as he thrashed his head from side to side in a frantic, pulse-racing attempt to throw the barbed tormentor.

The bateau was picking up speed now in the fast current of the shoal. The hook stung bass made a quick reverse of field and came charging back toward the boat. I reeled frantically, rod held high overhead, trying to take up every possible inch of slack line. Miraculously it seemed, the hook held. Bass and boat were racing toward one another.

Again the fish broke the surface, arching high and still shaking frantically just a few feet off the bow. Another down river run and leap after leap until it seemed that something would have to give.

At last the finny scrapper's runs began to grow shorter, the jumps not quite so vigorous until finally he was finning the water alongside the bateau. Floyd worked the paddle vigorously to keep the swiftly drifting craft from smashing into the brushy top of a tree hanging low over the river. Pete slipped the landing net in behind the fish and with a sudden swoop lifted the prize into the boat.

I slouched back in the seat and let out a sigh of relief. My com-

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panions exchanged sly winks. "How about it, Morris. You think we've hit on something even your fish jaded appetite can get a boot out of?" Pete chortled. I nodded weakly in assent. I was still somewhat dazed by that incredible display of finned fury.

"Three and a half pounds right on the button," Floyd announced, reading the dial on his pocket scale a few moments later.

"Only three and a half pounds," I couldn't help but mutter incredulously. "That would hardly be a keeper for a largemouth. Man, what a fish! The fellow that coined the old saw about pound for pound and so on must have been in on this Chipola River deal."

"Yep," Pete agreed. "Now you can see why the news about this fish has been kept quiet for so long. Miller and his cronies know a good thing when they have it in their mitts. Why spread it around and ask for competition, eh Floyd?"

Our guide grinned. "Oh, I guess there's enough to go around. Not much fishing on this upper part of the river anyway. Most folks don't know about the shoal bass, or red-eye and wouldn't believe it if you told them." As I dropped the copper-hued scrapper into the live well, I added a fervent "Amen."

Four more times that early fall afternoon I had the opportunity to marvel at the tremendous initial strike, the uninhibited abandon of the truly spectacular aerial gymnastics and the line sizzling, hell-for-leather runs of this newly unveiled and vitamin-packed battler. And four times I felt the line suddenly go slack as the fish threw the lure.

"You're batting a good average so far," Floyd consoled me. "One for five puts you right in there with the best of them where this rascal is concerned. You'll find that out for yourself if you do much fishing for them." I would not argue that point for already I was well on the way toward being convinced.

That evening a gang of us were sitting around the motel room. My fishing and hunting partner, Edward "Pete" Crittenden, then a Commission Fisheries Technician, checked us out on the details of a confusing situation that had arisen concerning the red-eye of the Chipola River.

It seems that something over

twenty-five years ago, in January of 1933 to be exact, Mr. O. C. Van Hyning had taken a single specimen of a bass that did not fit into any known category in the catalog of Florida fishes. Before detailed structural studies on the fish could be completed, the specimen that had been taken from the Chipola River, disappeared in some unexplained manner. Tentatively the missing specimen, along with its incomplete description, was listed as the Chipola or Shoal Bass. There was a possibility that here was a new species that theretofore had escaped scientific classification.

Since the date of its original "discovery," the Chipola's mysterious fish had been the object of much futile scientific search. Not long after the Lake and Stream Survey men moved their base of operations to Marianna in the "Panhandle" of northwest Florida, they began to hear stories about a fabulously hard fighting bass to be taken from the nearby Chipola River.

A hook stung shoal bass takes to the air in a frantic effort to throw the steel.

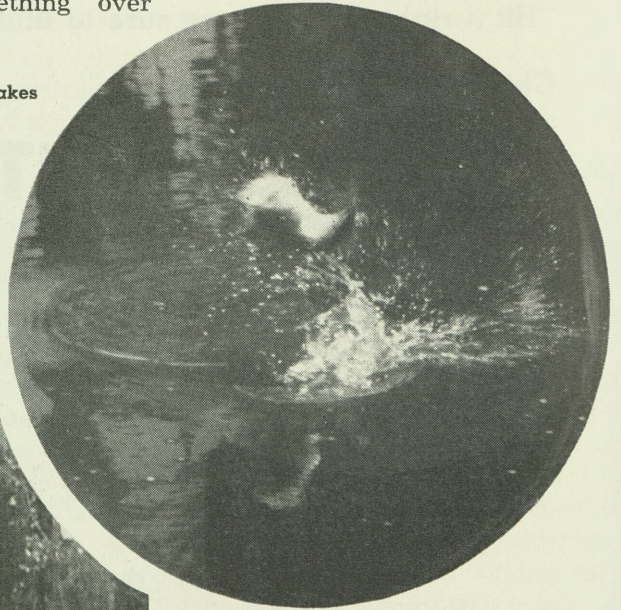


Photo by Wallace Hughes



On a float down the Chipola River below Marianna, Fla., Pete Crittenden makes a cast while local fishing authority and guide Floyd Miller wields the paddle.

It wasn't a regular largemouth, the local experts assured them. They were certainly well enough acquainted with the northern largemouth and its subspecies, the world-famed Florida largemouth, to be taken from practically every body of water throughout the state. This slimmer, heavier in proportion, copper-colored warrior was definitely a different fish both in appearance and in temperament.

Then the fisheries men met Floyd Miller. Yes the local camp operator and angling authority assured them, there was a different type of bass to be taken from certain locations in the nearby Chipola. "You can tell whether you have one of these shoal bass or just an ordinary largemouth as soon as he hits," Miller told them. "They take to the air as soon as they feel the bite of the steel and usually spend as much time above as below water until either you land him or he throws the hook." His description of the fish tallied with the sketchy details that were available on Van Hynning's as yet incompletely described bass.

Within a short time, Pete and his working partner Jim Barkaloo, were on their way to the river with Floyd guiding their efforts and practically guaranteeing results. Foregoing the battery of scientific fish collecting gear they normally employ in their survey work, the biologists had dug out their tackle boxes and spinning outfits.

That morning they launched their boat at Peacock Bridge, a river crossing about ten miles south of Marianna, and with high hopes backed by the confidence and assurance of Mr. Miller, began to drift the rapid current of the clear, spring-fed Chipola. By the time the sun dropped behind the jungle of cypress, red gum, and oak crowding the banks of the beautiful fast flowing river, eleven specimens of a bass different from any either man had ever seen before reposed in the live well of their boat.

There followed a hectic month or six weeks for the two fisheries men



Some fishermen troll back upstream after completing their down river float. Slow trolling with small spoons, sinking plugs, or rigged rubber worms will often produce shoal bass.

and their scientific "pot of gold." Yes, it is the long lost Chipola bass said one group of authorities. The two workers were elated over the news but still, with their scientific training, cautious over making any formal announcement. Not so here at FLORIDA WILDLIFE. The positive statements of a pair of top-ranking Florida biologists overcame any tendency for caution. The result; an article in the December 1956 issue, telling of the "rediscovery" of the long lost shoal bass of the Chipola.

It was some time in coming but eventually detailed studies of the series of specimens collected by the Florida fisheries men revealed the facts of the situation. It was simple enough in essence; the Chipola Bass or Shoal Bass is in fact nothing more than the redeye bass, *Micropterus coosae*. In passing the word on the fish, International authority Reve M. Bailey, Curator of Fishes at the University of Michigan's Museum of Zoology had this to say:

"There can be no doubt that these specimens represent the redeye bass, *Micropterus coosae*. Specimens from the Chipola River have somewhat smaller scales than do those in the uplands of Alabama and Geor-

gia. I am unable to offer an immediate explanation for this phenomenon. It may be due to genetic causes or may in some method express environmental modification; for example, temperature or light conditions prevailing during early development. It is interesting to note that the peninsular Florida specimens of the largemouth bass have smaller scales than they do throughout the remainder of the range of that species. In any event, I think we shall be fully justified in referring to the bass from the Chipola River as the redeye bass and forgetting about any distinctive "Chipola bass."

So that is how it stands scientifically at the present time. Is there such a thing as a Chipola Bass, a separate and distinctive "shoal bass?" It appears most unlikely. The error started back in 1933 perhaps and was compounded in the glow of scientific zeal. At any rate, the confirmation of the occurrence of the redeye in the Chipola extends the known range of the fish and gives Florida another bass to add to its official list of sports fishes.

Despite any mixup in the scientific status of the fish, the species has been a top ranking gamester

(Continued on Page 34)



Water is so commonplace that we are inclined to take it for granted. Yet no single resource assumes a more important role in our lives. We depend upon it in thousands of different ways to meet our daily living needs.

WATER IS SOMETHING that we simply cannot get along without!

Now maybe this fact—at first glance—seems so obvious to you that it doesn't require any explanation. Most of us are aware of our many requirements for water. We all know that our bodies require large quantities and that we suffer real discomfort and can survive for only a few days if we are forced to live without satisfying our bodies' needs. But what many people fail to recognize is that our dependence upon water, as we use it in our daily living, goes far beyond this requirement. This year's National Wildlife Week campaign, with its "Water—Key to Your Survival" theme, is designed to focus public attention on the critical water problems we face today throughout the United States.

How Important Is Water?

Water is an essential part of nearly every manufacturing process that serves our industrial society. Millions of gallons are required daily to produce the materials that supply the production lines of our great industries. To this we must add the vast quantities that are required for the farms which feed us and provide fiber for our factories. And, of course, we must take into account the millions of gallons we

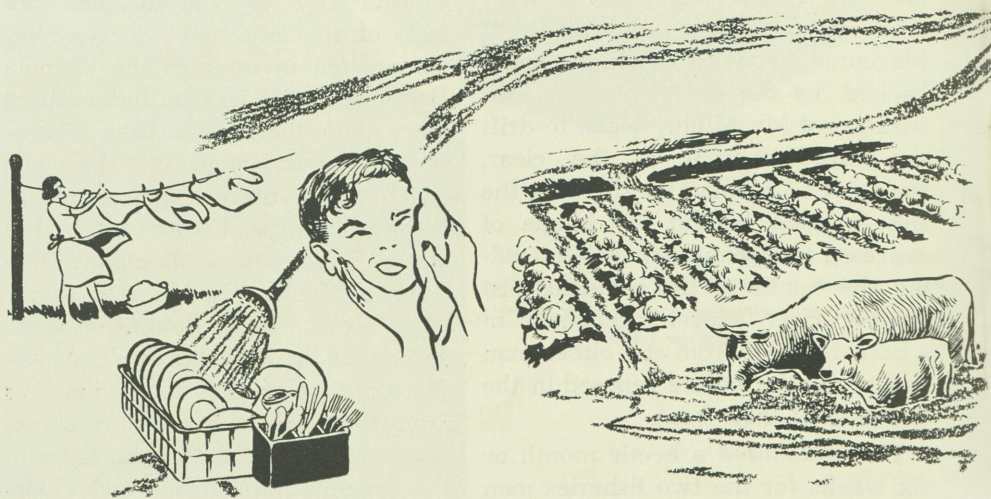
use each day for personal cleanliness, in our homes, and for carrying away and purifying tons of human wastes. The thousands of requirements we make upon water become apparent to nearly everyone, once we stop to think about them.

But what has all this to do with you and me? Why should we concern ourselves with this particular resource at a time when the people in our country are enjoying the highest standard of living of any people in the history of the world? Is there any reason to believe that there is a relationship between the way we live—our enjoyment of living—and the supplies of this commodity which on casual observation may appear to be perfectly adequate?

Mounting Pressures on the Land

If we consider ourselves and all of the other 180 million Americans that must be fed and clothed and supplied with the things each of us considers necessary to live, we begin to realize that we are placing a tremendous burden upon our resources. We can see also that there must be, at some point, an upper limit to the capacity of our lands and waters to supply and satisfy human wants. We can grow only so much food on our farms and can cut only so much lumber from our forests without impoverishing them. Similarly, there is a limit on the amount of water our streams and lakes can furnish us.

With the passage of every 11 seconds of every hour of each day there is one new mouth to feed



within the United States, another human being who is completely dependent upon the output of our lands and waters. And unless you somehow can permit your mind to escape from this reality, you are forced like I am to ponder the question as to just how long we can keep piling this human burden upon our life-giving resources without feeling the pinch.

We must wake up to this startling problem of uncontrolled population increases. Our alternative is to permit population pressures to become so great that in a matter of a relatively short period our people will know the kind of hardship and deprivation that is now so common in crowded foreign lands where

the aged cannot remember once in their lifetimes when they had enough to eat.

While we can be grateful that our situation in this country does not approach the gravity of the problem in these countries, we must recognize our opportunity to benefit from their sad experiences. Above all, we must be willing to accept the abundant evidence of what has happened in nations when the difference between living needs of their people and the capacity of their lands and waters to meet these becomes too great. We will have to recognize, as something more than coincidence, that people live in poverty where their resources are depleted. We also must see the parallel between what we find here in our country, where eroded soils, depleted forests, and polluted streams give testimony to the impoverishment of nearby communities. The occurrence of these same symptoms in pathetically advanced stages throughout the poverty stricken nations of the world is significantly comparable.

Where Do We Stand?

We have already lost the "cream" of many of our most productive lands in this country! And there are too many glaring examples of devastating abuses of our resources for us to feel optimistic about the future. What has already happened in other countries continues to take place right before our eyes—only at a much faster pace because modern tools and automation make it pos-

sible to destroy the productiveness of the land with an efficiency unequalled by earlier generations. Our grandfathers, who were in the flush of development of our wilderness frontiers, may claim ignorance as an excuse for what they did to the land. But we, as people who have had the folly of such a course clearly demonstrated to us, have no excuse and will be made to face the inevitable consequences of such short-sightedness.

The plain fact is that our preoccupation with the so-called "good things in life" has spoiled us badly. We are so concerned about our living conveniences and making things a little easier for ourselves that we do not have time to give thought to the need for providing better care and protection for the resources that support us. We show little sign that we are ready to learn from our past mistakes or even benefit from the disastrous consequences of resource abuse as we see them here and in other parts of the world.

Examples of serious mistreatment of rivers and lakes, soils, forests, wildlife, and scenic and outdoor recreation places are so common that most people take them for granted. And while a few of the efforts to stop these inroads have met with encouraging success, progress is slow in the face of general public apathy and indifference.

Our Water Problem

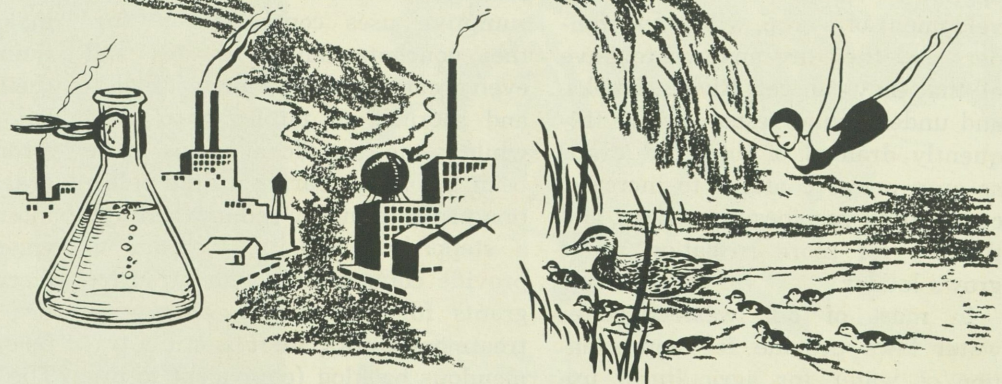
Water, as one of the resources that serves us directly in meeting many of our daily needs, illustrates the seriousness of our natural re-

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**HISTORY AND PURPOSE
OF NATIONAL WILDLIFE WEEK**

National Wildlife Week, was first proclaimed by President Roosevelt in 1938. It has been sponsored annually since by the National Wildlife Federation and the state groups that belong to the Federation. Purpose of the Week is to focus public attention on the importance of our natural resources and on the broad and pressing problems of conservation.





Commission Photo by Wallace Hughes

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source problems. It also illustrates the necessity for bringing these problems into sharp focus so people may become aware of them. There is no other single commodity or product about which there is as much controversy and apparent disagreement. Most of these differences have grown out of shortages which in recent years have become increasingly severe.

Everyone uses water and it seems that *nearly* everyone has an idea for using it in a way that will most nearly satisfy his own needs! The industrialist and the people who work for him want to have all they require (billions of gallons every day) to keep their plants in full production. In addition, waste materials from industry should be thoroughly purified by water processes before they are discharged into streams, lakes or tidal waters.

In farming areas we see tremendous increases in demands for water. Farmers in both arid and relatively humid areas are finding that water, applied at the proper stages in development of a crop, will work wonders and they are anxious to have all that they can get. Rivers, creeks, and underground reservoirs are frequently drained of their last drops as crop prices continue to increase, competition becomes more keen, and the cry for more irrigation water grows louder.

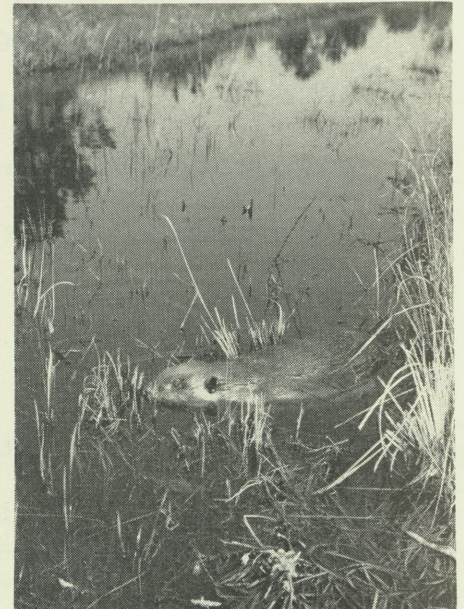
In most of our western states water laws provide for appropriation of water for agricultural use

on the basis of historic claims or "water rights" that were staked out by early-day settlers. These give holders of the better water claims on a stream legal privilege of draining a large part of its flow to irrigate their lands regardless of the needs of downstream users. As these demands increase, many streams are left without a drop of water and with no flow to downstream communities that may face desperate shortages.

Rapid growth of our towns and cities has greatly increased the volume of waste materials — from homes, business places and industries—to the point that any reduction in flows of fresh water that are used in purifying these wastes can have disastrous consequences. In the many communities with inadequate or no sewage treatment facilities we find streams and lakes choked with raw human wastes that pose serious health hazards and prevent recreational enjoyment of public waters. Reductions in stream flows or underground water supplies through diversions to various consumptive uses contributes to further concentration of wastes and even greater endangerment of health and sacrifice to public uses. And while some significant gains have been made in clearing up the pollution problem in our country through a stepped-up Federal program to provide communities with incentive grants for construction of sewage treatment works, there is still a tremendous backlog (equivalent to un-

Farming areas demand tremendous increases in water. As water sources are drained, farm product prices tend to increase, and wildlife populations are threatened.

Natural reservoirs which store water for human needs serve as natural living places for our wildlife, many of which have a high economic value as game animals or furbearers.



Commission Photo by Bill Hansen

treated sewage from 225 million people) that must be given treatment in order to catch up with current needs and population growth. Any use of a community's water supplies that adds further complications to its sewage disposal problems must be recognized as a serious threat to the welfare of its people. On the other hand, the river or creek that is relieved of its pollution burden becomes a "new discovery" to those people who seek a place to enjoy the outdoors for picnicking, fishing, swimming, hiking and other recreational pursuits.

Every Man for Himself

Superimposed on the groups who make direct use of the water in their homes, businesses, and on their farms are the people who "develop" water for a living. This is a strong and potent mixture of Federal agencies and private business interests who are anxious to install water storage, flood control, hydroelectric power and navigation facilities in our streams. Here again we face serious conflicts in interests. The electric power people urge de-

velopment with primary emphasis on the ever increasing demands for more electric energy; the farmers urge more investments in facilities to provide water for growing bigger and better crops; the flood control expert will ask that first concern be given to water storage which will prevent the ravages of floods; outdoor groups will ask that dams not be placed where they will destroy wildlife and unique scenic values of parks and wilderness areas; Chamber of Commerce groups, in anticipation of expanded business opportunities and the short-lived prosperity of a construction boom, will often urge immediate approval of a proposed water-development project. And thus it goes, with many groups making an all-out effort to serve their own selfish purposes and only a few endeavoring to serve long-range public needs. Most frequently little thought or regard is given by commodity users to water values other than those of direct benefit to them. Public indifference, lack of understanding, confusion and conflict all interplay to discourage broad and comprehensive pro-

grams that will provide adequately for the wise and equitable distribution of available supplies.

Changes in Water Laws

With such heavy demands being made on dwindling reserves of water you would probably guess that there are many conflicts over interpretations of the laws that govern their distribution. This is the case. And nowhere can we find more tangled and difficult legal interpretations than those applying to disposition of water. At present a move is being sponsored by agricultural interests in many mid-western and eastern states to pass state laws that would permit water appropriation doctrines, common to the Western States, put into effect. Such laws would allow permanent irrigation claims to be made on the flows of streams without provision for other users and uses. Existing laws in these states generally provide for the needs of the stream-bank user and make provision to protect the downstream needs of communities. People on these states where changes are proposed should

carefully weigh the impact of any legislation that serves to benefit one group of users at the expense of many others.

There is also confusion on the question of state vs. Federal jurisdiction over water in the 17 reclamation states of the West. Legislation to make state water laws paramount has been introduced in the United States Congress by a group of western Congressmen who favor existing water appropriation laws in their home states. Under this legislation (and present western laws) wildlife and recreation uses of water have no claims and would be subservient to all other demands. This would place recreation resources in a precarious situation.

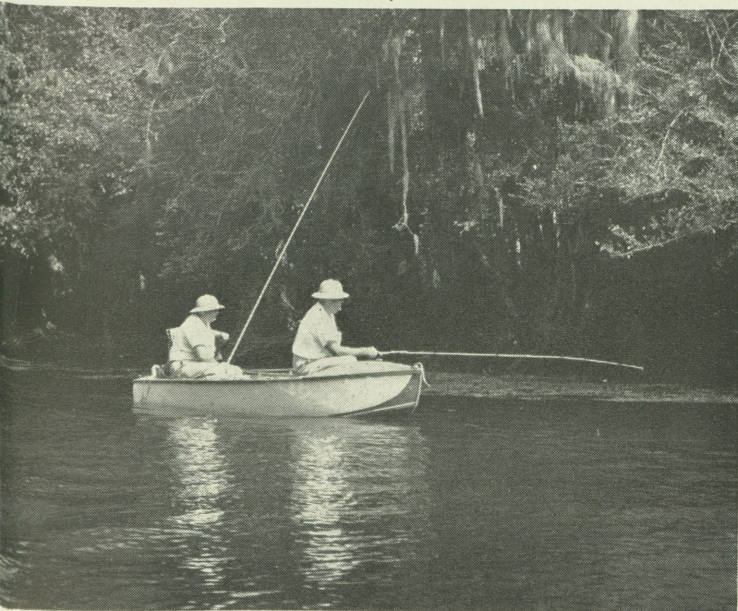
Another source of confusion stems from differences between water development agencies. Several of these agencies—the Bureau of Reclamation, U. S. Army Corps of Engineers, and Soil Conservation Service—are directly involved in water development programs within different departments of the Federal Government. Each of them (and there are

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Fishing, the number one outdoor pursuit in this country, depends on the proper management of water resources in many ways.

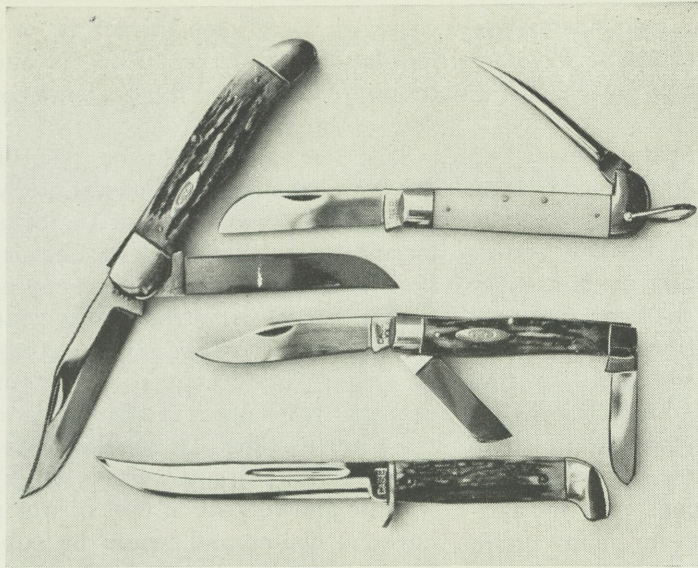
Without clean waterways, outdoor recreation for the country's increasing population will eventually disappear. It is up to the public to demand the preservation of lakes and streams for continued fishing, boating and swimming, for now and for the future.

Commission Photo by Wallace Hughes



Commission Photo by Bill Hansen





Any one of these knife models will serve a sportsman. At left is the trapper's model, and (from top) the seaman's knife, the stockman's model, and belt-style sheath knife.

WHAT WITH HUMAN EXISTENCE being a somewhat hodgepodge affair economically, not every reader of *FLORIDA WILDLIFE* can own a cabin cruiser. For some, even a J. P. Sauer double-barrel or a Roy Weatherby rifle may be a slow acquisition. . . .

But in the matter of owning one or more indispensable edged tools, just about all of us can afford the best.

Unfortunately, however, many sportsmen-users of knives, axes and other edged tools unknowingly carry afield models of either inferior quality steel or of design and usefulness unsuited to their true needs.

Regardless of the price one pays over the counter, the real worth of any edged tool is the quality of the steel from which it is made. Along with proper tempering, final hardness of cutting-edge is largely determined by carbon content—although traces of nickel, manganese and vanadium also exert beneficial influence. The better class of edged tools are usually made of high carbon American, Swedish or English tool steel.

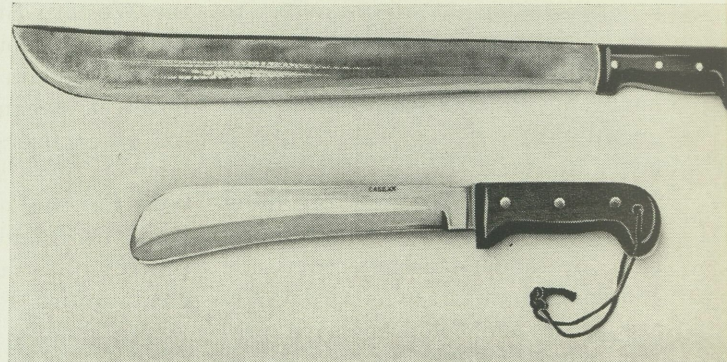
High carbon stainless steel is also used, but is the most difficult type to work into top-quality cutting tools, except by considerable hand-grinding from rough to finished state. Generally, finest grade stainless steel knives are too expensive to manufacture by mass production methods, although some manufacturers are gradually licking the problem.

The versatile sheath knife is probably the most popular type of edged tool carried by the outdoorsman as personal equipment. Although many sizes are available, the average purchaser will invariably make the mistake of choosing a long, thick, heavy-blade model. The closer its owner thinks it is related to the genuine "Bowie knife" in pattern, the more

BACKWOODS

No matter what type outdoor activity might be preferred — for each of us there is a perfect backwoods blade

By EDMUND McLAURIN



A machete is a useful tool around the camp, and for blazing and clearing trails. Many such blades are now on the consumer market as war surplus. Author prefers bottom model.

probable is his feeling that he personifies an expert woodsman. . . .

Actually, you will find that the elite among the skilled knife handlers prefer small knives, fairly thin of blade and 4½ or 5 inches long, exclusive of handle. They leave the big, heavy Bowie pattern knives to the romanticists! . . .

The famed Bowie pattern knife came into being in 1830, when Rezin Bowie gave his hotheaded brother, James, a large, heavy, handmade fighting knife. It was single-edged and had a straight blade approximately 9½ inches long and 1½ inches wide. James liked his brother's gift so well he later had another made—but even longer and wider, and with a false edge at the back of the point to permit a backstroke in combat.

Between the advent of this second knife model and its owner's death in defense of the Alamo, March 8, 1836, Bowie's effective use of his knife in personal combat made the Bowie pattern blade the most desirable type of fighting knife to own. When the Civil War broke out, almost every volunteer on both sides carried a Bowie style knife into combat.

BLADES

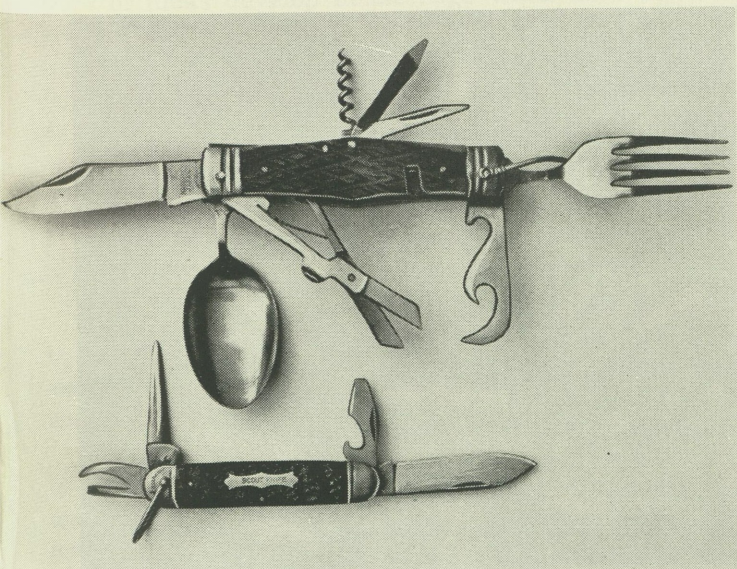
Widely copied and modified by both American and English knifemakers, the Bowie pattern knife eventually came to mean just about any large, heavy, wide-bladed knife—with or without clip point—suitable for both woods' use and self-defense. . . .

If you want a genuine Bowie pattern knife, W. D. Randall, Jr., of Orlando, Florida, can make you one. Randall made many such knives for American fighting men of World War II.

Currently creating a lot of favorable comment among sportsmen is the Robeson "Flame Edge" sheath knife, featuring a 5½-inch stainless steel blade that has one side of its tapered edge fused to hard tungsten carbide metal. As the softer stainless steel gradually wears away from use, the knife edge renews itself with a surprising degree of maintained sharpness.

Knife handles now come in choice of leather, ivory, pearl, stag, micarta, ebony and various plastics and woods. Naturally, the more brittle the handle material, the more subject it is to possible breakage. For this reason, leather or wood handles are usually found on hard-used hunting knives.

The pocket knife is preferred by many sportsmen for general use and specialized purposes.



Combination type pocket knives are especially designed to do a variety of jobs. Preferably, select one embodying blades you are sure you will use, and not noticeably heavy or bulky.

Four useful stainless steel fishermen's knives—from the top: boning or filleting knife; combination utility knife and scaler; panfish knife and scaler; pocket style with cutting blade, scaler, hook disgorging and hook sharpening stone.

One of the best all-around pocket knife choices for the sportsman is the trapper's model—featuring one rounded-point blade for general cutting and skinning, and a second, more pointed blade for precise, fine detail cutting. Also very practical is a pocket knife of the stockman's or cattleman's pattern.

A third practical choice is a combination knife, designed to do a variety of jobs. In addition to regular cutting blades, such knives frequently embody useful screwdriver, can and bottle opening, leather awl and other specialized tool blades. The Scout pattern knife is a typical example of the combination-type of pocket knife.

Far from being gadgets, combination knives of good quality serve the sportsman well. The screwdriver blade, for example, will find use for emergency tightening of gun and reel screws—especially so if the end of the blade has been ground down to fit the heads of small screws that seemingly manage to work loose at the wrong times.

The leather awl blade will assist in many small repair jobs on personal and camp gear. The can and bottle opening blades are handy away from camp or when the regular can opener cannot be found.

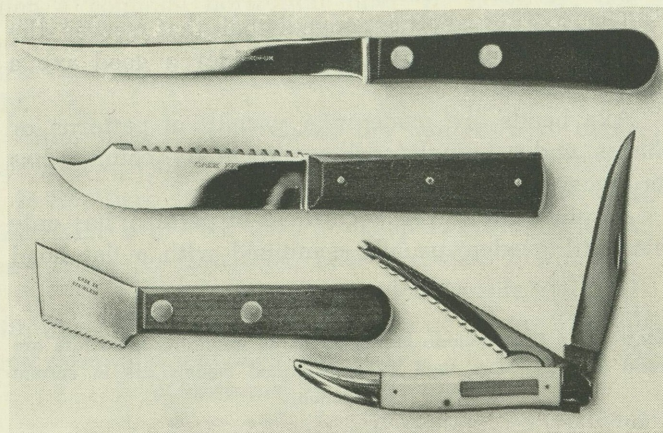
For fishermen, there are combination-type pocket knives, as well as sheath models, featuring rustless cutting blade, scaler, hook disgorging and hoop sharpening stone, assembled in one compact unit.

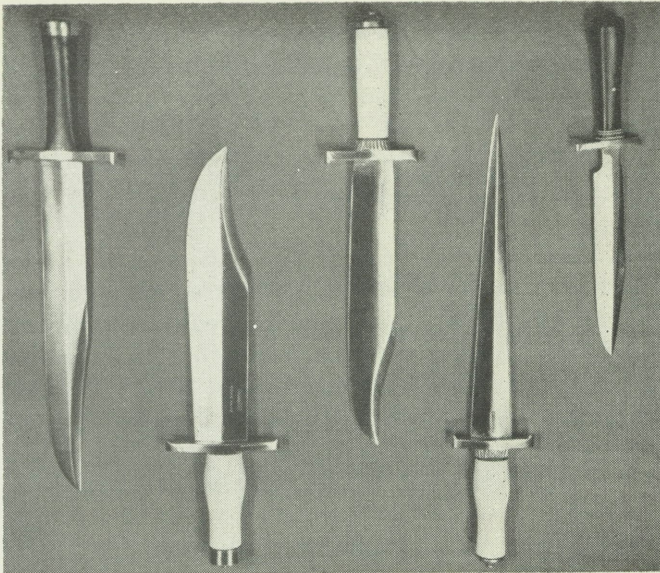
However, be reasonably conservative in your selection of a personal combination knife; it is not practical to choose a model embodying types of blades seldom used, or one noticeably heavy or bulky.

Due to their small size and slim shape, pocket knives are easily lost. To reduce this risk, select a knife that has a ring in one end for attaching to belt hook or short leather thong.

When using a pocket knife, never jab a folding blade into any resistant material; the blade can double up and inflict a bad cut. Neither use your pocket knife to pry or twist hard substances; rivets holding the blades may thereby be loosened. Similarly, using the back of a pocket knife as a hammer may break its springs or handles.

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Four Bowie-style, and one "Arkansas toothpick," blades made by W. D. Randall, Orlando, Fla. The models were popular fighting knives from 1830 through 1870.

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But rust is probably a knife's most persistent enemy. A knife should be wiped dry after use on moist substances. Be sure all fingerprints are completely removed from cutting-blades.

Besides keeping a pocket knife sharp, give joints and working parts periodic attention. Remove accumulated dirt, then lubricate with a drop or two of high grade oil. The oil will promote smooth operation, prevent rust and tend to float out dirt particles that may act as an abrasive on moving parts.

Camp cooking and general kitchen knives generally cut foods with what is primarily a sawing rather than slicing action. Consequently, knives of this class perform better and have a longer useful service life if they do not have the fine, finished edge characteristic of efficient pocket and hunting knives. Leave sharpened blades somewhat rough and microscopically saw-toothed.

Don't try to cut large bones with a knife you value. A fast cutting meat saw, or an ordinary hacksaw, is the tool to use.

The axe is another edged tool that serves the sportsman well. Many users consider a good axe a prized possession.

Axe heads are made in a variety of patterns or shapes, and seemingly each section of the country has its favorite.

A single-bitted axe, regardless of pattern, has only one cutting edge, usually combined with a flat head

or poll useful for driving stakes or for service as an emergency hammer. Available patterns include the Connecticut, Dayton, Jersey, Kentucky and Michigan head shapes, generally attached to bent-style handles 28, 30, 32, 34 or 36 inches long. Some users prefer a straight style handle, without fawn foot end.

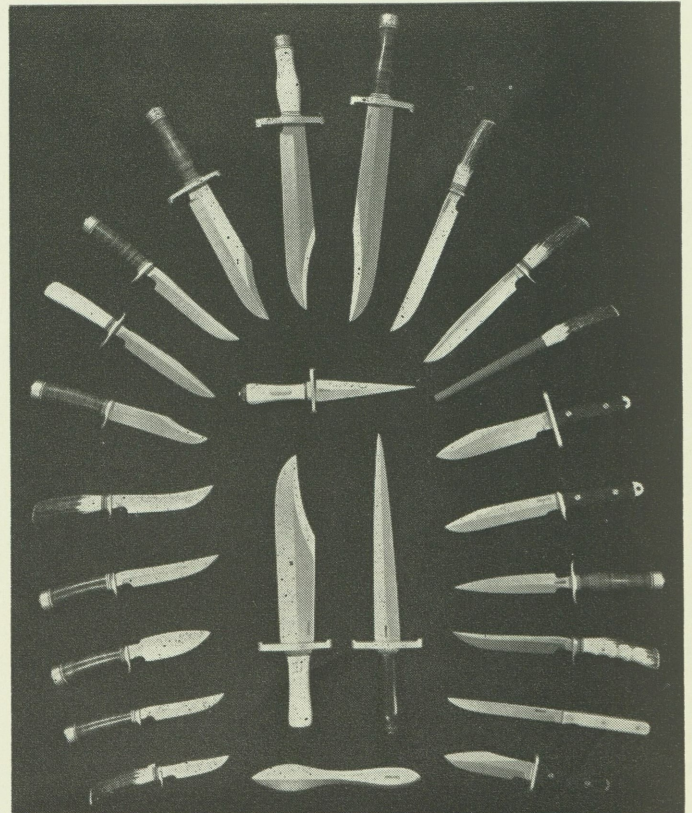
Double-bitted axes, available in Michigan, Western, Reversible, Cruiser and Swamping patterns, provide two cutting edges and are characterized by severely straight handles.

The dual blade type is unsafe in the hands of the average sportsman, although the double-bitted axe proves a fast cutter for professional loggers, who use one edge for general chopping and reserve the other for fine work.

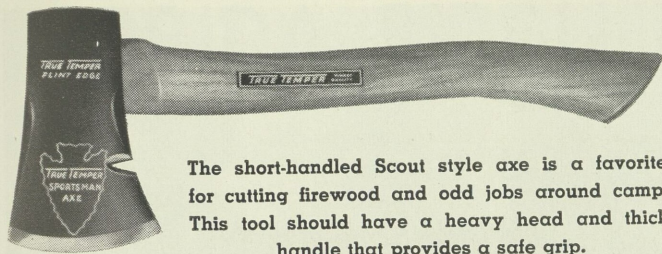
A good choice in a full-size axe for the average user is a single-bit model that has a 2½ to 3-pound head. Experts can select heavier models for faster cutting, but beginners will find a too heavy axe a fast-tiring chopper!

Select the length axe handle or helve that fits you best. Generally, one of twenty-six to twenty-eight inches is long enough, although some long-armed readers may safely go as high as thirty-six inches. A too long handle is dangerous, as it makes the axe difficult to control. What you want is a handle just long enough for a controlled, full-bodied, two-handed swing. Once you have found the length handle that fits you best, stick with it. You will cut better and more safely.

Should your choice be a straight style handle, score a two-foot rule on it in one-inch divisions; it



Many of the Florida-made knives of W. D. Randall-manufacture are world famous. More than 25 hand-crafted models are in current production.



The short-handled Scout style axe is a favorite for cutting firewood and odd jobs around camp. This tool should have a heavy head and thick handle that provides a safe grip.

will prove a handy measuring tool around camp.

Many sportsmen prefer one of the Scout or small hand axes for cutting firewood and odd jobs. Such selection should always have a relatively heavy head, a thick helve or handle with a bulbous end providing a safe grip, and a leather sheath in which the tool should be kept when not in use.

Don't carry a small axe on your belt, where it is a handicap to woods' travel, but transport it in your rucksack or with other camp equipment.

For perfect control when striking heavy blows, a small axe should have a loop of leather attached through a hole in the handle. The user's hand is slipped through the loop and the loop twisted tight. The axe handle can then be held fairly loosely and heavy blows made at arm's length without any danger of the tool slipping from the hand.

Even the most inexperienced camper can do a fair job of cutting with a small hand axe.

Steel quality is important to the performance and life span of an axe. The metal should be hard enough to take and hold a cutting edge, but not so brittle that chips or nicks develop in the edge when hard blows are struck. Fortunately, quality axes are the prideful production of a number of American tool manufacturers, so finding a good blade should not be much of a problem. . . .

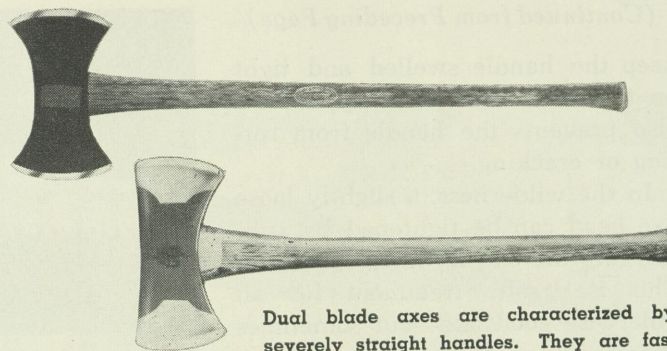
However, even the best makes of axes do not always come to hand truly perfected. Most have blades too thick and too abrupt taper at cutting edge, and require additional grinding down to really make the chips fly.

To properly sharpen an axe, its blade should first be ground on a continually wet grindstone, with the axe head held *across* the stone, blade away from you and with the stone revolving toward the blade.

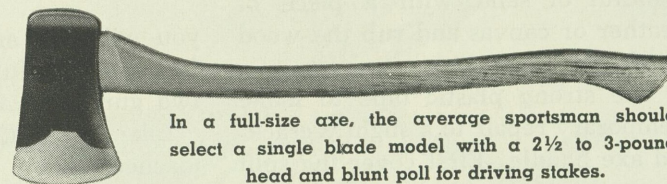
Grinding the cutting edge too thin will cause it to exasperatingly stick in wood being cut, and also make it more liable to breakage; leaving the blade too thick at its cutting edge will make for hard chopping and dangerous glancing of the axe head.

For first grinding, put the axe in the hands of an expert. From his finished job, make an edge thickness gauge from heavy cardboard or sheet metal. Use this gauge as a blade-thickness check when you subsequently do the grinding and stoning operations yourself.

Although a wet grindstone is the proper tool for



Dual blade axes are characterized by severely straight handles. They are fast cutters for professional loggers.



In a full-size axe, the average sportsman should select a single blade model with a 2½ to 3-pound head and blunt poll for driving stakes.

the job, a twelve inch file and a carborundum stone for finishing will do a good sharpening job away from home.

Sooner or later an axe handle will get cracked or broken and need to be replaced.

At home, it is a relatively easy matter to replace a broken axe handle. The section remaining in the head can be punched, drilled or chiseled out, depending on the efficiency of available tools used for the job.

In the field, removing the stub of the old handle may take a little applied ingenuity. . . . The easiest way is to burn out the broken section. To keep heat from drawing the temper of the steel, pick a soft spot in the earth and drive the axe head into the ground up to its eye. Then build a fire around the head. Once charred, the housed wood can easily be punched out. . . .

Split the eye end of the new handle before driving it in the axe head, so you can afterwards insert a thin, even-tapered wedge to make the fit a tight and lasting one.

A properly mounted axe head will have the exact center of its cutting edge and the base of the handle touch a common horizontal line. If, however, one end or the other of the cutting edge rests upon the horizontal line, then the axe head is not hung properly.

From time to time check the axe head to make sure it is still tight on its handle and correctly hung.

In Southern states, keeping handles saturated with linseed oil is a trick used to keep handles tight. A one-quarter by three-inch hole is drilled in the end of the handle and kept filled (during idle periods) with linseed oil until it will absorb no more. The oil penetrates and expands the wood, which tends to

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keep the handle swelled and tight on the axe's head. The applied oil also prevents the handle from rotting or cracking.

In the wilderness, a slightly loose axe head can be tightened by submerging the axe in water overnight. This is drastic treatment for an otherwise good axe—but sometimes necessary.

Handles should be kept perfectly smooth. Lacking sandpaper, use a handful of sand with a piece of leather or canvas and rub the wood briskly.

Use strong plastic tape to make temporary repair to a slightly cracked axe handle. First cover the split on both sides with pieces of tape; then tape at a right angle over and past the weakened area.

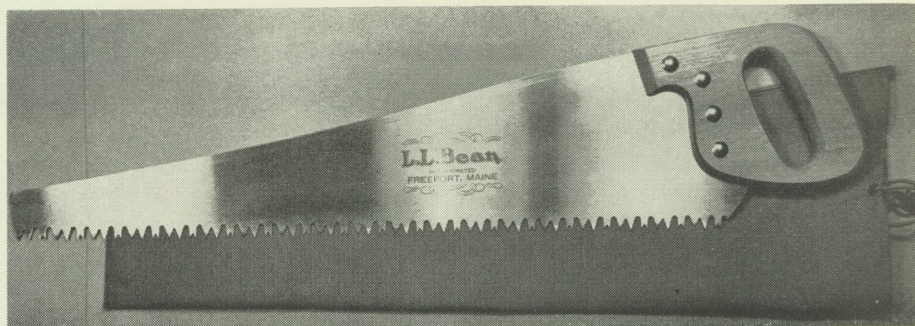
Keep your axe in an oiled sheath. Do not leave it lying on or driven into the ground. Rust will surely form and pit the blade.

One of the quickest ways to ruin the sharp edge of a good axe is to drive the blade into the ground as you chop. Always use a chopping block of some kind.

For safety's sake, carry an axe point outward from your neck, when shouldered. For a safe hand-held carry, grasp the axe's handle just below the head, sharp edge pointed away from you.

Before starting to chop, clear away overhead branches or interfering brush for a full-bodied swing.

Where a professional guide is engaged for a back-pack trip into wilderness country, see that he carries a full-size axe instead of a personal gun. You will not only get to do more shooting yourself, but



Where a number of logs are to be reduced to firewood, a crosscut saw, with two-cutter-one-raker order of teeth, is faster than an axe, in average hands.

you will find an axe and one gun far more useful than no axe and two guns!

Like a short, light hand axe, a machete is a useful edged tool around camp, and for blazing and clearing trails—as many a former Pacific-based GI can attest. Countless thousands of such blades have been dumped on the consumer market as war-surplus.

The more common models have either 18 or 22-inch, one-piece blades, to which wood or composition handles have been riveted. But one of the most useful machetes for the sportsman—when he can still find the model in Army-surplus store stocks—is a 15-inch, heavy-bladed job, with 10 inches of exposed blade and a bulbous nose shape. This smaller machete, usually available with a sheath, is easier to handle and transport than a full-length model.

Where a number of logs are to be reduced to firewood, a short length, one-man crosscut saw will make the job easier, because the right kind of saw cuts firewood faster than an axe, in average hands.

Don't make the mistake of substi-

tuting an ordinary carpenter's cross-cut or rip saw to cut rough timber. Instead, be sure the saw you select has a full-width blade and two-cutter-one-raker order of teeth, with finer teeth at the saw's point for starting a cut.

Wipe saw blades clean with an oily rag or silicone impregnated cloth after using them. Protect teeth with a strip of plastic tape or place your saw in a carrying case during transportation to and from your camp site.

For the sportsman-reader who wants to know more about American-made knives, their history and development to present day standards, Harold L. Peterson's book, "American Knives" (Scribner's), is recommended reading. As an educational text, Florida schoolteachers should approve the book title for book report reading and credit, in my opinion. The text is interesting American history.

For detailed instructions governing the proper sharpening of knives and other edged tools, write Behr-Manning Corp., Troy, N. Y., or the Carborundum Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y., for free, illustrated booklets.

One thing sure—for each of us there is a perfect backwoods blade.



FLORIDA CLUB NEWS

(Continued from Page 9)

ing, won the award for "Junior Conservationist of the Year." Other regional junior winners were Randy Kincaid of Lake Wales, Charles Beck of Chiefland, Gary Hue Cook of Baker and Claude Daigle, Jr., of Homestead.

Birds Suffer

Florida's already rare roseate spoonbill is threatened by trigger happy hunters, according to Kenneth D. Morrison, director of the Mountain Lake Sanctuary and Singing Tower at Lake Wales.

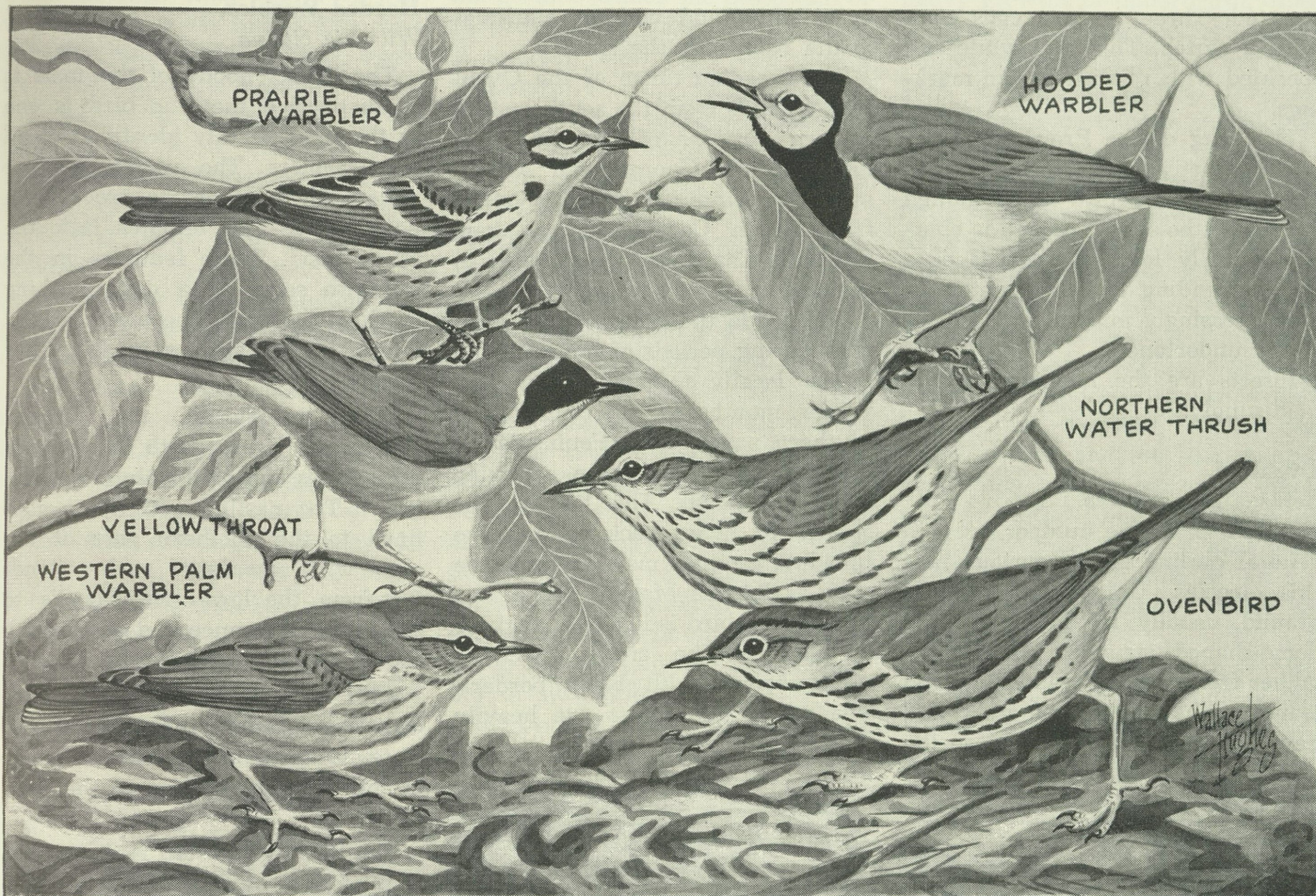
Reporting in a news release from the Florida Audubon Society, Morrison said that the colorful spoonbill's number had been increased

from a low of about 30 individuals to several hundred birds in the state.

Most of the slaughter of the birds occurs near the Everglades National Park where rangers attribute the shootings to irresponsible hunters.

Another protected bird that has suffered from gunfire is the white ibis. However, it is much more plentiful than the roseate spoonbill. ●

FLORIDA BIRDLIFE



Western Palm Warbler, *Dendroica palmarum palmarum*.

Despite seasonal variations in plumage patterns and coloration, the Palm Warbler is fairly easy to identify. One outstanding behaviour characteristic of the bird is the constant pumping of the tail. This habit plus the yellow coloration of the undertail coverts marks the species well. In average size the Western Palm Warbler is 5¼ inches in total length.

During the winter months it is present in the state in such abundance that it is considered the most common of the smaller birds.

The species is a northern nester. The breeding range extends over much of southeastern Canada and down into the upper portions of some of the border states. The latter part of September usually sees the first wave of the southbound migrants reaching Florida. Some of

the birds pass on through the state enroute to more southerly wintering grounds in the Caribbean. By March there are some early stirrings of the spring migration especially among the flocks wintering in the Keys. Late April or early May sees all but possibly a few stragglers out of the state.

It feeds much of the time on the ground or in low shrubby vegetation. Insects make up the bulk of the food of this species. In this regard, the Palm Warbler is a valuable ally of the farmer. In the celery growing area of Seminole County for example, the celery leaf-tyer, a destructive insect pest, was found to make up an important percentage of the warbler's diet.

Prairie Warbler, *Dendroica discolor*.

Contrary to what would be expected from the name, it is not the

open grasslands but rather the coastal mangrove thickets that make up the main haunts of the Prairie Warbler in Florida. The distinctively marked male with his contrasting yellow and black color scheme is easily identified. The female and the immature birds are yellowish on the underparts and grayish yellow above. The flank streaks and other markings may be faint or absent.

The Prairie Warbler is a year round resident of the state. The species has been recorded in localities along the coast from Fernandina down to Key West and up the Gulf side at least to Pasco County. It is not completely absent from inland locales although definitely not as common in such places.

The nest is most frequently located in mangrove thickets, usually only a few feet above the ground.

Fine plant materials plus bits of

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string, hair or feathers are materials from which the nest is constructed. Three to four eggs comprise a clutch. They are white and speckled with reddish brown markings.

The song of the Prairie Warbler is a distinctive one, serving to call attention to the bird even though it may not be seen. The call is characteristically loud. It consists of a long, ascending series of notes, at once pleasingly musical but with a buzzy undertone.

Insects are the mainstay of the food supply.

Ovenbird,

Seiurus aurocapillus.

Like a primitive outdoor oven in general outline is the curious nest this species constructs on the ground, usually in the open. The dome-shaped structure is put together from various plant fibers and leaves with a lining of grass and hair. The entrance is located on the side. Placed as it is on the forest

floor and camouflaged with dead leaves, the nest is found only with extreme difficulty. Four or five eggs, white and without markings is the rule with the species.

The breeding range of the Ovenbird extends from the southern and eastern portions of Canada down into northern Georgia and Arkansas. The wintering grounds reach from South Carolina down along the Gulf Coast into the Caribbean region.

In Florida the bird is quite common during periods of migration. It is also locally abundant during the winter months in the central and southern parts of the Peninsula. In August migrants begin arriving from the north. The last of the species to move back toward the breeding grounds may linger in the state as late as May.

The Ovenbird is heavy-bodied for a warbler. The crown patch is orange-brown with black borders. The white underparts are heavily marked with black streakings. It is a bird of the forest floor. Insects of

various sorts make up the major portion of the diet.

Hooded Warbler,

Wilsonia citrina.

The black "hood" of the male is so distinctive that the bird is one of the most readily identified of all the warblers. The underparts are yellow, the upperparts greenish in both sexes. The females lack the black hood. White feathers in the tail also serve as a distinguishing mark in the field. The average total length of this species is about 5½ inches.

Here in Florida the Hooded Warbler is known both as a breeding species and as an abundant migrant. The nesting activity is confined to the northern part of the state with records of such extending from the lower St. Mary's to the lower Suwannee and on through the Panhandle to the Perdido.

Although seasonally abundant, during migration, in most of the state, it appears only uncommonly in the southern portion of the peninsula.

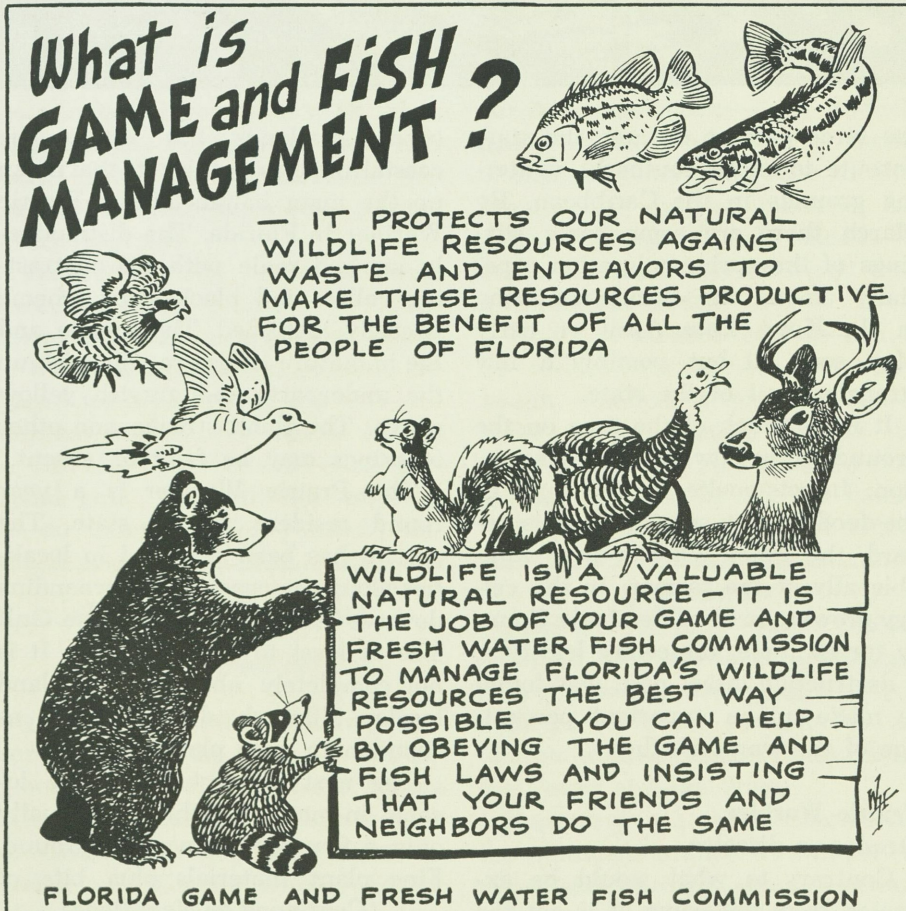
The heavily forested river swamp country is typical Hooded Warbler habitat. Feeding activities are conducted usually not too high above the ground, most often within ten feet of the forest floor. Like most warblers, it is very active. One habit, that of spreading and closing the tail in a seemingly nervous gesture, is an aid in field identification. When thus fanning the tail, the white feathering is displayed.

A shrub or small tree is the usual site of the nest which most commonly is built within two or three feet of the ground. The structure itself is a compact mass of vegetable material such as plant fibers, bark strips, and leaves with a lining of fine grasses and bark shreds. The three to five eggs comprising the usual clutch are creamy-white with brown mottlings.

Northern Water-Thrush,

Seiurus noveboracensis.

Despite its appearance and its common name, the Northern water-



thrush is no thrush at all but rather a member of the warbler family.

The average total length of this water-thrush is 6¼ inches. The conspicuous buffy-white eyeline, spotted throat, and the heavily spotted pale yellow underparts are good field identification characteristics. The continuous tilting of the body up and down is also a behaviour quirk that helps identify the bird afield.

The species is an abundant migrant and a rare winter resident in all parts of the state.

The soggy woodlands of river swamps are water-thrush habitat. Here they walk rather than hop about—another behaviour characteristic of note—in search of the insects that are their mainstay. It has also been reported that minnows and small mollusks are eaten at times.

The nest consists of small twigs interwoven with moss and interlined with softer material such as

fine grasses, rootlets, and plant fibers. The structure is located on the ground. Under the protection of an overhanging bank or in a maze of exposed tree roots are typical nest sites.

The eggs, frequently 5 in number, are white and may be either unmarked or variously blotched with brown.

Yellow-throat, *Geothlypis trichas.*

The yellow-throat is a wide-ranging species. It occurs as a breeder across southern Canada into southeastern Alaska and southward beyond the Gulf Coast into southern Mexico. During the winter it is to be found from North Carolina across to California and southward into Costa Rica. Because there is considerable variation in appearance among the birds of this species the group has been divided into a number of subspecies.

In keeping with the habits of

the other warblers, the yellow-throat is an active bird. Dense heavy growths of underbrush, especially in moist situations, are among its favored haunts. They are also seen about marsh-side thickets, brushy roadside ditches, and tangles of blackberry vines in old fields.

In average size the total length is close to 5¼ inches. The plumage is olive green above and yellow below. The black face mask is the most obvious field characteristic.

In Florida the yellow-throat is a common resident in all sections. The nest is a bulky structure rather loosely put together of grasses, strips of bark and the like. An inner lining of rootlets and other plant materials, and sometimes of hair, is the rule. The nest itself may be placed on the ground or not far above it in a clump of sedges or other vegetation.

The eggs are white with markings of brown or blackish. Four is the common number in a clutch. ●

MUZZLE FLASHES

(Continued from Page 6)

pack bunch, constantly listening nervously. Since the forest was silent and my presence unknown to them, I was momentarily puzzled; then it dawned on me that the deer were nervous because they knew (from day to day experience) that the coming of day light would invariably bring the cries of trailing dogs, to start another hectic day of running! This proved true. . . . With the first sounds of a dog approaching the area, the deer made off in several directions, to again travel the most logical individual escape routes and begin another day of flight from danger.

If the use of dogs were temporarily prohibited during open season in Ocala National Forest, not only would deer herds be less nervous and more stable in respect to remaining in hunted areas, but deer hunting itself would revert to man-versus-deer basis instead of the often unequal contest of dog-pack and man against deer. The still-



Even some of the most enthusiastic dog handlers believe that hard-run deer hunting areas should observe occasional closed seasons on the use of dog-packs.

hunter or the slow stalker would then come into his own. Beyond doubt, he would see more deer and get more shots, since a hunter on stand or making a slow stalk does not alarm a deer like the known

presence of a dog. There would not be intermittent dog cries to alert every deer within hearing.

Two or three years of hunting the Ocala Forest area without dogs, and the present practice could be resumed—with better hunting for all. If dog-pack prohibition were tied in with introduction of more nourishing deer feed, and encouragement of low-level vegetation growth through controlled, small-scale burning of selected areas, future Ocala deer hunting could be superb instead of fair-to-middling!

For deer propagation experiments, Ocala National Forest is the logical area, in my opinion. It has both the needed acreage and basic stock. It is so located geographically that any improvements in its game supply will prove potentially beneficial to the largest segment of the state's licensed hunters.

Because I have a great affection for the Forest and its conservation-game management possibilities, I am hoping that coordinated effort can markedly improve the area's deer hunting. ●

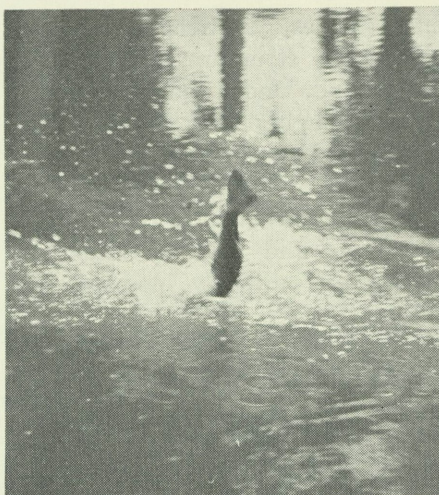
SITTING ON READY

(Continued from Page 21)

with the anglers of Jackson County for generations. And the name persists; shoal bass it has been called and probably will continue to be called. So deeply is the art of fishing for the species ingrained in the lore of the region's sportsmen that every bass shoal has a name; Live Oak, Federal (where Andrew Jackson's troops crossed in the early days), Flat, 'Tater, Little Look, Big Look, and Ringjaw to mention a few.

The Chipola is rather unique as Florida rivers go. For one thing, the water is normally crystal clear in contrast with the usual swamp-stained stream of the Sunshine State. Also there is a fast current and numerous riffles or shoals alternated with stretches of wider, deeper pools and slower moving water. The twenty-five miles of river below Marianna resemble a northern trout or smallmouth bass stream more closely than a hotspot for southern bass angling.

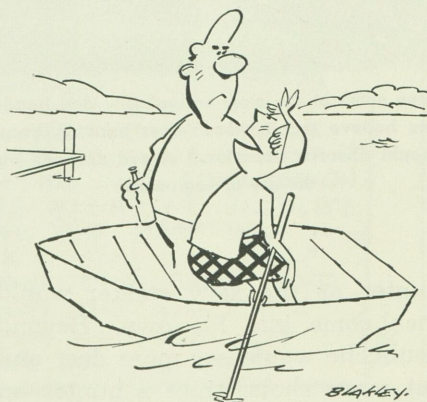
The river rises in southeastern Alabama not too far above the Florida line. Numerous springs working through the porous limestone formations underlying most of this area, pour their waters into the main stream. For the most part, there is no industrial and little agricultural activity on the immediate banks of the river so, except for abnormally heavy rains, the water remains clear the year around. The water of the numerous springs remains relatively constant in temperature so there is probably less fluctuation of water temperature than in the majority of Florida streams which are fed from surface sources. This of course has a definite effect on the fishing. Fred Miller and the other local fishermen agree that shoal bass fishing is a year around proposition with one season of the year being about equal to another. There is a definite fall off in the shoal bass fishing when heavy rains raise the water level or when concentrated and extended downpours stain the water but these



A shoal bass takes to the air as soon as the bite of steel is felt — will spend as much time above as below the water, until either he is landed or throws the hook.

conditions seldom prevail for more than a few days at a time. The Chipola's waters eventually empty into the Gulf of Mexico via the Dead Lakes and the Apalachicola River.

The actual known range of the Chipola's redeye bass is relatively restricted, and those who know will tell you that it includes some twenty-five miles of the river from a short distance above the bridge on U. S. Highway 90 downstream to the vicinity of Ten Mile Shoal. A half mile above or below the shoal section there are plenty of largemouths but no shoalers. Cutting it even finer than that, even within the twenty-five mile stretch, a majority of the fish taken over or in the immediate vicinity of the fast turbulent waters of the shoals will be redeyes (hence the name shoal bass), those taken in the quieter,



"How about this time you row Chuck, and I'll watch out for hidden reefs."

deeper sections will usually be largemouths.

Have no doubts on the matter of identification however, for if you have any bass fishing experience behind you at all, you will have no trouble telling when you have one of these high octane shoalers on the business end of your fishing stick. The shoal bass's superior fighting ability shines through from moment you feel that first vicious strike.

In hand, the redeye bass gives the general impression of a stout, thick-bodied bass with relatively small scales. When the mouth is closed, the maxillary does not extend beyond the level of the rear margin of the eye. There is a shallow notch between the spiny and the soft portions of the dorsal fin. The coloration of the back and sides is coppery graduating into whitish on the underparts. There are commonly blackish bars alternated with dark oval spots extending from the back to near the lateral line but in some specimens these are very faint or lacking.

To date, the largest Florida redeye that has been officially recorded tipped the beam at three pounds nine ounces but local fishermen who have known the species down through the years claim that five and six pounders are not too uncommon and there is a possibility that even larger ones swim the Chipola.

Should an angler care to seek out this paragon of bassdom, he will not find fish camps and landings located conveniently in the shoalers haunts; in this part of the river such facilities simply do not exist. The best bet for a visiting fisherman is to carry his own boat (and it should be a light shallow draft one to negotiate the shoals) or to contact a local angler and make arrangements for a trip.

Much of the shoal area may be negotiated in a small skiff or bateau but some of the native fishermen have devised a unique system for fishing the river. They use an inflated tractor inner tube and lay

a square of canvas over it to form a watertight sitting space. Surplus rubber rafts would serve the same purpose and should prove more convenient. During my first fishing spree on this part of the Chipola, I saw one young angler blithely floating the river in one of the gayly decorated plastic wading pools so popular with youngsters. The advantage of these light weight, air-filled rigs is, of course, that when the angler finds himself aground on one of the many shoals, it is a simple matter to lift the outfit up and carry it to more navigable spots.

A popular method of fishing the river is to put in at one of the access points and float to a prearranged meeting place to be picked up by car. Or, if you are using a more conventional boat to fish the river, a small kicker is convenient for returning upriver at the end of the float. The limestone shoals are rough on motors so take along plenty of shear pins. A five horse is as big a motor as I would care to use to run through this section of the

stream. Even this small sized kicker will receive plenty of knocks in the course of a day's fishing.

Most conventional bass fishing methods will pay off for shoal bass angling. Small sized under water plugs and spoons get the nod from most of the experienced hands. At certain periods, especially during early morning and late evening hours and on overcast days during the warmer months, various top water lures will often turn the trick, adding spice to an already zestful aspect of pursuits piscatorial. A small spinner fly and the rigged rubber worm are favorites with spin fishers and fly rodders but the angler is apt to be plagued (if you want to call it that) by the abundant willow bream or redbreasts which reach bragging proportions in the same section of the river inhabited by the redeyes.

Trolling with small spoons, underwater plugs, and the rigged rubber worm is often productive and many fishermen troll slowly back upriver after they have completed

their downstream float.

Confirmed bait dabblers will find live minnows good and 'gator fleas as helgramites are locally called, the best. Nor are the shoal bass above latching on to a juicy earthworm at times.

Artificial flies, both dries and wets, and bucktails are also high ranking medicine for the prized redeye of the Chipola. Most conventional patterns will produce, with the black gnat and brown hackle yellow getting the nod and the Royal Coachman running not far behind. Small fly rod poppers will also afford plenty of sport when the shoal bass are in the mood but they are likely to have a race to hit these tantalizing midgets ahead of the usually ready and waiting redbreast or bluegill.

Should you decide to take a crack at Florida redeye fishing, here is a fellow angler who will give you odds that you will come away from the experience with renewed respect for the bass tribe in general and the "shoal bass" of the Chipola in particular. ●

FISHING

(Continued from Page 11)

6, 8, or 10 pound line, the closed faced spinning reel has a lot to offer.

These reels are simple and durable. Rarely do I need make repairs or adjustments of any kind. They are easier, faster, and simpler to operate. They have a smooth drag, offer better line control, and balance the rod much better from their back-of-the-hand position. I'm not now trying to "sell" anyone the idea of using closed faced spinning reels, because I came to the conclusion years ago that the early disappointments this reel caused killed it for good in Florida. This does not alter the fact that these reels now being produced are a really superior product. Here's one case where the "better mousetrap" was not responsible for a wide path beaten to the door.

Fresh Fish

These tackle talks are fascinating to most anglers. I'm no exception. I

could fill this entire magazine with items of interest, but I'll include only one more. We all know a good icebox filled with ice is the best way to keep fish fresh, but sometimes ice is just not possible. What is the best thing to do under these

circumstances?

Many resort to a fish stringer. I maintain this is a very poor method even if the fish stay alive, which is doubtful. Don't forget, you are hanging the fish in water that is probably between 75° and 85°. This is just encouraging them to spoil.

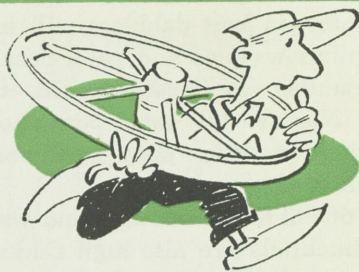
I think a better plan is to use the principle of evaporation to keep the fish firm and cool. This is the system that works on a cloth water bag in the desert. I use a bushel or half-bushel basket with burlap sacks. I usually use two sacks, one inside the other. These I soak thoroughly and wring out before the fish go in. Open weave of the basket allows free circulation of air, and the basket lid keeps direct rays of the sun off the sack. I use a spray can to paint outside and lid of basket with aluminum to reflect the heat.

I find that fish kept thus stay cool and fresh for long periods of time. Why not try this? You'll find it really works. ●



FILCHUCKO

"It doesn't matter which end you stick on — the fish don't know the difference!"



WILDLIFE BALANCE WHEEL

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

MARCH HAS ALWAYS BEEN a favorite month of mine ever since a boy. I well remember the eagerness each year I awaited March. It was a "Something Very Special" month. A time when kites were made and sailed and found soaring in the March-blue skies, almost touching the fast moving, wind swept clouds. The month also beckoned to break out the marbles and agates. The season of champs was on its way. There was no concealing the evidence of playing marbles. Soil worn pants from kneeling and skuffed shoes were the tell-tales.

String saving for kites was the fad. Many a boy's pocket bulged with rolls of cord, twine and string. A challenge was issued to all. The more kite string, the more height. Budding branches in trees were embellished with bright colored kites that nested in the branches after fleeing from their masters.

A new awakening was present. The air almost seemed to burst with everything coming to life. The winds rushed crazily around corners and through the streets and tugged playfully with our clothing. Yes, March then as now held the promise of so many things.

The ides of March for the Romans must have been an important date.

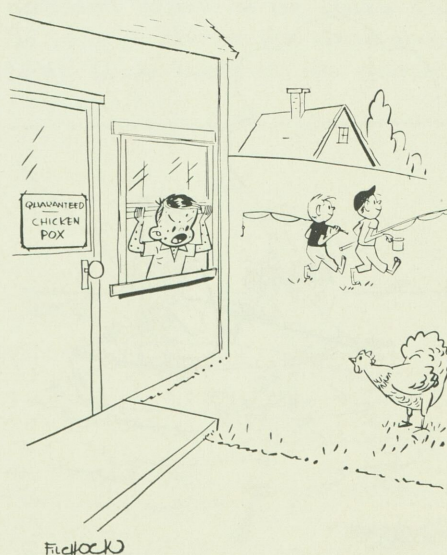
March in '60' has many important dates too. Especially for conservationists everywhere. Here are some dates and events to remember.

National Wildlife Week, first proclaimed in 1938 by President Franklin D. Roosevelt will be held this March 20-26, 1960. The first day of spring is March 20. It's a delightful coincident that this most important event begin this day. The theme this year is: "Water, Key to Your

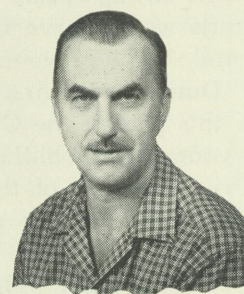
Survival." For the fifth consecutive year Walt Disney is serving as honorary National Chairman. The National Wildlife Week is under the sponsorship of the National Wildlife Federation.

National Wildlife Week is observed in 49 states and in the District of Columbia. Here in Florida I believe Tommy Anderson of Eustis, Florida, will be chairman.

It's a very important week to all of us especially our Youth Conservation Corps. On the last day of the designated Week, March 26, the members of Youth Conservation Clubs in every city where there is a club tag people reminding them that this is National Wildlife Week and that the Youth of Florida want to know more about resources. Monies collected from the sale of tags is distributed evenly between the clubs and the League. The League pur-



"You certainly did me a dirty trick!"



chases equipment and other things it needs at the Youth Camps. Last year they purchased two canoes and a school bus to be used as a shuttle between camp and Ocala.

The boys and girls would like this year to add two more canoes for their waterfront and install two drinking fountains.

Don't forget when you see these young people on the street and visiting your offices they are asking for your support.

Help them to be able to do something NOW about their country's natural resources. Give them a chance to learn while being members of a conservation club.

The national scene also includes a convention in San Francisco. This is the National Convention of the American Camping Association to be held at the California Masonic Temple, March 2-3-4-5, 1960. It marks the 50th year for the association. It's "Camping's Golden Anniversary by the Golden Gate."

The theme of the Convention is "Light From A Thousand Campfires."

Opening general session at 8 P. M. will have Dr. Joel T. Hildebrand, Professor of chemistry, University of California who will speak on "Natural Resources" for camping.

Dr. Hildebrand has written several books on back-packing in the High Sierra, on camp cookery and on other outdoor subjects.

"Human Resources" is the theme of the address to be given by Dr. Tully C. Knoles. Dr. Knoles is

Chancellor and Past President of the College of the Pacific.

The closing convention speaker will be Dr. Edward Teller, internationally renowned leader in developing hydrogen power. His subject for presentation will be our place as human beings and campers in the "Natural Resources of the Future."

During the convention seminars and workshops will be conducted for special interests groups.

Among the topics planned are primitive camping, woodcraft, nature lore, fire laws, waterfront, sanitation, safety, spiritual values, overnights, outdoor cooking and animals.

Other subjects include leadership selection and training, married couples as counselors, variety of programming, child growth and development, teen-age camping, camping for senior citizens, family camping and camping for emotionally disturbed children.

Adult Advisory Council

This month in Bartow there will be a very important meeting of the State Adult Advisory Council to the Youth Conservation Education Program. The dates have not been officially set at this writing but will possibly be held on March 18 and 19, 1960.

New appointments to the Council are: Representing the Girl Scouts of America, Mrs. George T. Costello, Lake Ridge Girl Scout Council, and Mrs. W. H. Twyford, Land O' Lakes Girl Scout Council. Representing the Federation of Garden Clubs is Mrs. Herbert A. Braddock, and Mr. Bob Somers, District Executive Scout, representing the Boy Scouts of America.

Mr. Herb Mayhew of Miami, is chairman.

Bay County Girls Club

Received a letter from Mrs. J. M. McElvey of Panama City the other day. Had so many interesting comments in her letter. (We like hearing from the advisors and counselors.) Mrs. McElvey writes that the Girls Club through the able assistance of

interested adults purchased a small building for a clubhouse.

I believe there are only two other clubs in the state who can boast of having a clubhouse all their own. Bartow and Ocala are the two clubs. Stuart, I believe, is making final preparations for their clubhouse.

We are very proud of the Bay County Girls and their sponsors. I am looking forward to visiting the club soon. Meeting nights are on Monday. Good luck to all of you in this New Year.

Youth Camp — South Florida

A dynamic group of people in South Florida are determined to have a camp for youth. The J. W. Corbett area west of West Palm Beach is the site selected for the proposed new camp. The project has been approved by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

Committees have been appointed by Mr. A. D. Aldrich, Director of the Game Commission. Members of

the Construction Board are: Michael Heln, Rugh Rufftry, Ralph Jones, Mrs. Charles Labens, Martin E. Brooker, William G. Wallace.

Members of the advisory Committee are: Sam R. Quincey, Ralph Riggle, E. V. Faircloth, Ray Tylander, Vince Burkhardt, Cleveland van Dresser.

Earl Diemer, Vice President of the Palm Beach County Wildlife League has been spearheading the project.

Tag Day

Don't forget that March 26, Saturday, you will see young people in khaki uniform tagging the citizens reminding them that it's Tag Day and the end of National Wildlife Week. And that "Water, is the Key to Your Survival."

Monies raised will go toward constructing a new sanitation building at the Youth Camp at Lake Eaton. Won't you help them to help themselves. Buy a tag and buy something in the future for our youth. ●



KEY TO YOUR SURVIVAL

(Continued from Page 25)

many others within the Federal and state governments who have a part in water programs) has different methods of evaluation and different purposes to serve through the water projects it sponsors. It comes as no surprise, then, that many of our dams and other water developments have been pushed through under pressures generated by special interests who sought to serve only their own needs. It is not surprising either that many of these projects are not coordinated with the work that is being done by other agencies or interests in neighboring streams or even within the same watersheds.

The Comprehensive Watershed Conservation Program

The kind of treatment we give our land and water is usually reflected directly in the flows of water found in our streams. In a sense, a river becomes a barometer indicating by its nature and behavior the way in which soil and vegetation resources are being managed. The abuse of land by a farmer on the headwaters of a creek results in siltation that can choke a major downstream channel and present serious pollution difficulties for a city along its banks. As a result of these inter-relationships, some conservation and water agencies have recognized the need for planning water development and related conservation projects for a whole drainage basin which includes all of an area that is drained by a major stream system. These units are called watersheds. We can think of the Mississippi River as a watershed. Within it we have the major tributaries like the Missouri and Ohio Rivers which in turn receive the flows of smaller streams. Most long-range planning is done around the smaller river basin watershed units that will vary in size according to the nature and extent of conservation needs.

The goal of the comprehensive water development plan, and the many water specialists and land

management technicians and planners who contribute to it, is a fully coordinated program for using water and land in such a way as to best meet the needs of the people. This recognizes the inevitable conflict between competing users of water and other resources, and through careful fact-finding and evaluation determines the best plans and methods for meeting their requirements in a manner consistent with the long-range public interest. Such watershed planning does not satisfy everyone in every detail, but it does serve to meet the most important needs of communities and most people within a drainage basin without unnecessarily depriving any single economic or social group of essential benefits. In fact, the success of the plan in serving the many different long-range needs of the people within the watershed, is its best test.

The comprehensive watershed plan provides for full protection of water, and the land upon which it falls, at the headwater basins of a major stream. It is here, through carefully planned conservation practices—terracing, contour farming, stabilization of pasture, forest lands and streams, etc.—that the farmer can see to it that as much water as possible penetrates and is retained by the soil in subsurface layers and underground reservoirs. Similarly, other upstream land uses must be carefully planned to permit full protection of soil and plants that determine the rate of runoff and water retention. The carelessly burned forest or over-grazed and gullied pasture have no place in this planning and must be carefully avoided through cooperation of the people who own and make their living from the land. The same approach applies in the case of downstream communities along the banks of streams. Their developments—industries, highways, pollution abatement facilities, and park, forest and wildlife areas—must be planned to protect and stabilize flows of water and provide maximum benefits to many downstream users of these resources.

Where YOU Fit Into the Picture

From this point it becomes apparent that planning is the principal difference between carefully coordinated use of a watershed and the poorly managed drainage basin that suffers heavy losses from waste and mistreatment of its land and water resources. This is where you enter the picture as one who is concerned about the future of your community's natural resources and water problems.

Your interest, and the growing concern of many other people like you, are the one bright ray of hope in what sometimes appears to be an unsurmountable tangle of conflicting proposals for resolving our growing water problems. People everywhere are beginning to ask questions and discuss these problems in light of their community's broad and long-range needs. Special study committees of citizens and legislators, watershed associations, forums of scientists, water specialists and citizen leaders are being organized to bring these questions and problems into full focus and relate them to each other in overall long-range plans. These plans provide for wise and careful use of all resources, not just those values that are being sought through pressures brought to bear by a few special interest groups within the community.

It is only from the drawing together of the many scientific and social facts about each resource within the watershed, and the long-term demands people will make upon these, that sound recommendations for the long-range watershed plan can be developed. This is a job that requires many decisions. And these must be made in the final analysis by the informed layman who has no "axes to grind" in serving any particular group of special interests within his community and who can come up with plans and proposals that will best balance the demands of conflicting interests.

Courses of action have been set down for getting underway with this job during this year's National

Wildlife Week campaign. A start now during Wildlife Week, March 20-26, will pave the way for a continuing year-long educational effort that can help us solve our growing water problems.

Here are the ways you can help to provide proper care for your water resources:

1. Get the facts! Make it your business to find out about water needs of your community, state and region. Determine how much water is consumed by your city for household uses and for other purposes including industry, agriculture and recreation. Inquire to see if supplies of clean, usable water are adequate. Do shortages cause hardship or losses to certain business or outdoor recreation interests during critical periods? If not, how long will it be before water supplies for your community are found to be running short? What plans are being made to offset these anticipated shortages? Is adequate research being carried out?

2. Learn and show others how mistreatment of land and water resources results in loss of water supplies and hardship to people in your community by causing: needless pollution of streams, lakes and other sources of fresh water through discharges of untreated sewage and industrial wastes; soil erosion in fields and forests where poor practices strip away protective plant cover and permit layers of top soil to be washed from the land into streams that become choked with silt; floods that destroy farm lands, industries; drainage and filling in of marshes, lakes, streams and other natural reservoirs which store water for human needs, provide outdoor recreation, and serve as natural living places for fish and wildlife; drying up of streams and underground water through excessive withdrawals of water or diversion of "feeder" streams; poorly planned dams and other developments that flood out valuable agricultural land and recreation areas. (Often outstanding natural areas—parks, forests, wildlife refuges and wildernesses—are picked as the most convenient sites

for a project by sponsors who give little thought to preservation of these irreplaceable recreational assets.)

3. Promote coordinated planning and research to show how water can be protected from waste and how future supplies can be safeguarded. Comprehensive multiple-purpose planning within a watershed (the entire area that is drained by one stream) is the best safeguard against ill-conceived plans that permit the use of one resource at the sacrifice of other values regardless of long-range needs of a community.

4. Set up water study committees in local civic and conservation groups to study water problems of your community, state and region. Seek full study and evaluation of proposals to change water laws and regulations in your state. Increasing diversions of streams and other water sources have pointed up a lack of protection of the public interest. Study model water acts that aim at flexibility while providing a basic pattern to suit needs of the various states.

5. Tell people of the need to provide adequate care and protection for their water resources. Use every available publicity and educational medium to emphasize the importance of this responsibility.

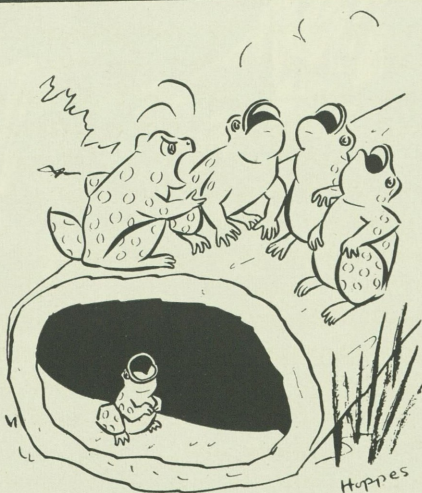
These suggestions, each of which must be adapted to the needs of your local community, represent a great deal of hard work. And the

biggest part of this will lie in getting people—the folks in your community—to take an interest and begin to work on various aspects of your water problem.

Perhaps you will have the greatest success by interesting key community leaders in those parts of the problem which are of direct concern to them personally. The farmer will be interested in watershed programs to increase crop yields on his land. The municipal sanitary engineer will want to reduce the costs of cleaning up waters for use in his community. Sportsmen and outdoor enthusiasts will want to provide adequate supplies of clean water for wildlife refuges, hunting and fishing areas, parks, picnicking and boating places, etc. From these and other interests of individuals you can begin to build a broad understanding of the total water problem and the relationships between each of these important uses.

The biggest challenge lies in describing this problem in terms that will be meaningful to individual citizens of your town. If you can show enough of them the direct relationship between careful watershed planning and their own needs and welfare, you will be able to enlist their help. They will become active in the study and fact-finding process that must be a part of any effort to develop a sound, long-range conservation plan for their watershed. You will have succeeded in helping people of your community become a part of the vital conservation effort.

And when this job is underway and people in your community begin to work actively to solve their water problem, you will see the emergence of new leadership that can apply itself to any conservation or civic problem of your community. This is the stuff that makes possible the progress of the conservation movement and our unique American system. And it is this, in the final analysis, that will serve to focus our efforts on the critical conservation needs that we face in this country and throughout the world. ●



"ALL RIGHT! Who's singing tenor?"

QUESTION ? BOX

By **CHUCK SCHILLING**

Address questions on fishing and boating to Question Box, FLORIDA WILDLIFE, Tallahassee, Fla.

Question: I have a 10 h.p. outboard motor I use on a 12-foot cedar rowboat. A neighbor uses a 5 h.p. motor on a 12-foot aluminum boat and runs rings around me. I don't believe the difference in our boats' weights could cause this difference, or could it? J. Bilda, Riviera Beach, Fla.

Answer: That is a loaded question. I'll guess that your cedar rowboat really is a ROW boat. I'll guess it has a pinched stern with narrow transom. I'll bet your 10 h.p. motor digs a hole and that your bow rides high. The comparison you note is not due to weight alone, altho that will naturally have some effect. The aluminum boat of your neighbor's is an outboard hull, designed to work best under power. I would judge both boats would gain in performance if you and your friend swapped motors.

Question: I have recently purchased my third spinning reel. Like the others, it has a rough, jumpy drag. Are there any reels on the market with a really smooth drag? J. Tucker, Winter Garden, Fla.

Answer: There are many reels with excellent drags, in fact, most good reels are so equipped. Your case may be the exception, but most dissatisfaction about reel clutches stems from misunderstanding of how to use them.

No spinning reel is designed to crank in a fish. The reel is just not built that way. Used properly, the drag is set VERY LIGHT. The fish is fought, using the arc of the rod and the friction of the line thru the guides as the MAIN DRAG. Most drags that jump and chatter are set much tighter than was ever intended or necessary. Some day soon, I'm going to do a whole piece on the subject of spinning-reel drags.

Question: I know that fish are supposed to be cold-blooded, but I can't understand why. I clean bass out of our lake, and their blood seems warm to me. D. Newhouse, Fort Myers, Fla.

Answer: You certainly raise an interesting question. Let's examine this issue briefly. Warm-blooded animals, such as humans, maintain a high body temperature at all times, regardless of the environmental

temperature. Cold-blooded animals, such as fish, have a body temperature that adjusts itself to approximately the same temperature as their environment. This is why fish habits are so closely allied to weather conditions and temperature changes.

In your case, your bass are coming from a warm. South Florida lake and have a blood temperature same as the water. In other words, they are a warm-blooded, cold-blooded animal. If you want to examine fish that are cold-blooded in fact as well as theory, go north and catch a few just as the ice goes out.

Question: I was very interested in your column on wading in the January issue, but I am puzzled by the picture of the girl in the "Hodgman" waders. She looks like she's wearing vinyl waders and tennis shoes to me. How come? E. Barstone, Orlando, Fla.

Answer: You are right. The gremlins were particularly active on the day the January issue went to press. Below is the picture that should have appeared, showing my favorite Hodgman boot waders.



Question: We have an argument going about the ropes we use on our boats. I say the word "rope" is proper. Am I right? J. Chase, Racine, Wisc.

Answer: I am no authority on salty nomenclature, but I'll try this one on for size anyhow. It is usually wind sailors who are sticklers for this sort of thing. This is understandable, when you consider the complexity of a sailing ship's rigging and the necessity for instant understanding of commands. On a ship, ropes are called by different names, according to their use, such as, lines, sheets, guys, halyards, etc. The only rope on a ship is used on a bucket to haul up some sea water. In general boating use, the word "lines" is much preferred.

Question: An old-timer says wading birds and pelicans are responsible for the poor fishing in Florida. Why doesn't the Game Commission do something about it? D. Gates, Lakeland, Fla.

Answer: This is the sort of uninformed thinking that has plagued game commission officials since our natural resources came under intelligent management. In the first place, what makes an old-timer so wise? Old-timers are people, and they come in all stages of intelligence. It's the same people in ever greater numbers that compete with nature for our fishery abundance. In the interdependence of nature so necessary for proper balance, the wading birds of Florida play an important part in maintaining our sports fishing.

Is Florida's fishing so poor? Poorer than what? Most experts will name Florida as the world's most fabulous sports fishing vacationland. Tell your old-timer these theories about birds are for the birds.

Question: Some writers recommend wetting the hands when releasing a fish. Some say to keep them dry. What's the difference? A. Rayburn, Brooksville, Fla.

Answer: The question arises because of a desire to release the fish unharmed. It was long felt that dry hands removed slime from the fish, setting up a beachhead for fungus disease. Wet hands that force a much tighter grip lead to possible internal injuries. Tests have pretty well proven that dry hands are to be preferred. I use a net on all but the smallest fish, thus avoiding touching the fish at all. I highly recommend a net for fish to be released.

Question: I've heard of foreign fish that were exported to this country and proved to be a king-size headache. Can you name one? T. Lamont, Haines City, Fla.

Answer: Easily. Carp were imported to this country from England in the late 1800's. The original fish were used as brood stock, and the offspring were parceled out to about 25 states who wanted them. This is just like asking for a hole in the head.

CLASSROOM IN THE 'GLADES

(Continued From Page 15)

This bit of information was hard to take in, and our guide began to clarify: "For some years, rainfall was way below normal all over south Florida. The 'Glades were nearly bone dry until the rains finally came back—you could walk almost anywhere out there without wetting your feet.

"Well, during the height of the dry spell this whole area caught fire, including the tree island. There was nothing to stop the blaze. The water table was way down, so the peat on which the tree island stood simply burned away, leaving this hole! Burning in the tree islands produces a "hotter" fire than in the sawgrass, so burns go deeper into the peat of the islands."

We saw many of these fire-formed ponds that afternoon. Loveless said they serve a beneficial purpose, in that they create areas of open water through the 'Glades. These ponds often teem with game fish, especially bass, Charlie remarked.

"Fire is far from being a universal evil in the 'Glades," he told us, "so long as the water table is high enough to keep the fire from destroying the peat over wide areas. For example, an occasional fire across the tree islands burns back the old, woody plants and brings in new, tender vegetation like elderberry which makes good browse for the deer."

"Notice how fire has changed the plant life picture up here near the dike." Loveless pointed to the browner, shorter grass that blended into the sawgrass farther out. "Before the fire, this was all thick sawgrass. Now this maiden-cane has come in, for better or worse. We've made some tests to see how long it will take for the sawgrass to take over again. It looks like we'll need a lot more time before the original growth is restored."

We were on this dike road a couple of hours before we reached a gate and the intersection of a new dike. "This is where the Federal

Government takes over," said Charlie. "You're now on the Loxahatchee National Wildlife Refuge."

We noticed that the landscape across the 'Glades had changed markedly. Here in Loxahatchee, it seemed that there were a great many more tree islands and that they were much larger in extent. Also, there apparently was a lot more open water with its aquatic vegetation and a relative scarcity of true sawgrass marshes.

"The picture up here close to Lake Okeechobee is different from the lower 'Glades," Loveless explained. "The land here is not so flat. There are a number of ridges and sloughs, possibly resulting from the Okeechobee drainage and a different kind of rock layer underneath. These tree islands generally are on the ridges and water flows in the sloughs."

"I guess the deer hunting is a lot better up here, with all these tree islands," I remarked.

Charlie chuckled, and said that, to the contrary, there were practically no good deer areas in the slough-ridge country. "You see, this is much wetter country than where we were this morning. On top of that, the peat here is derived from a different type of vegetation—not sawgrass. It isn't firm like sawgrass peat, and the deer just can't navigate over it. I guess this

is another good argument for keeping our sawgrass marshes intact!"

As we headed up the Loxahatchee dike, a great trumpeting noise signaled the arrival of some 60 Florida cranes—for my money, the greatest bird in Florida. These tall, stately wading birds have been on the downward trail; but with timely conservation measures, including work on the Loxahatchee Refuge, they have come back in encouraging numbers.

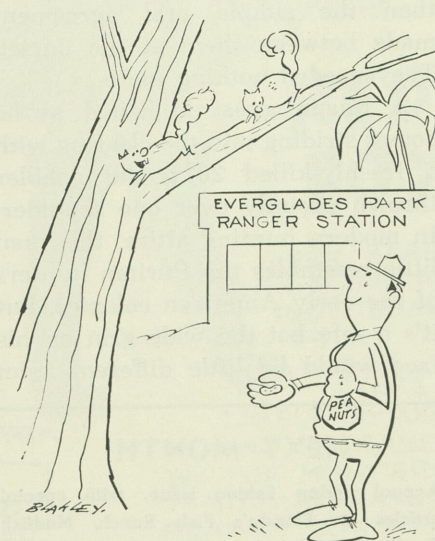
Close to Refuge headquarters we saw several man-made pools in which the water level could be regulated. Waterfowl food had been planted in the area. Squarely in the middle of one of these ponds was a sizable flock of Canada geese—perhaps the forerunners of a regular migration of honkers to south Florida, bringing a great sport to this region. The nucleus of this flock had been brought from the St. Marks Refuge near Tallahassee, and these were marked with colorful neck bands for identification. But others unmarked showed that new Canada geese were beginning to follow these old timers to the newly developed Loxahatchee wintering ground.

Scattered over the water were flocks of teal and Florida ducks, symbolic of the waves of waterfowl that would wing into south Florida and the Everglades later in the season.

We were nearing the end of our trek around the 'Glades. To the east stood a line of cypress and pines, pointing out the region where the great marshland dies out against the high ridge of ancient sand dunes that stands between the Everglades and the Atlantic Ocean.

We all shook hands with Charlie Loveless, a biologist whose job is a big one—the Everglades! Florida can count itself lucky to have such competent and dedicated men manning the conservation areas we intrust to our Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

"Well, boys," he said, as we climbed into our cars to leave, "class dismissed!" ●



"Watch this. He's so tame I can eat right out of his hand."

OUTSTANDING DEER HUNT

(Continued from Page 18)

ful waiting. A cat squirrel begins to fuss over something you can't understand. The chill wind is blowing more briskly now, occasionally dislodging a twig or pine cone. The squirrel leaps from a low branch into some dry palmetto fronds and the sound it makes is loud, sharp.

In time there comes a new sound . . . a more exciting sound by far. High-pitched, almost squeaky, it's a welcome yelp you've not heard before this season. Turkey!

Carefully, moving only your squinting eyes and the gloved finger that eases over the shotgun's barrel selector to the opposite position—the position that will permit you to fire a turkey load instead of the heavy deer slug—you scan each bush and stump before you.

Nothing.

After awhile the sound comes again. It is unquestioningly farther away now, and you are disappointed.

For you know that big gobblers are often killed in these Ocala woods. You recall the time you had a fine bird walk out majestically before you—within easy range—only to find you with both barrels of your side-by-side gun loaded with buckshot. At the first *snick* of the breaking breech as you attempted carefully to change loads the wily bird had scooted off.

You are stiff and cramped with cold when Buck Ray comes back in his jeep to pick you up. "Come on, I'll take you back to the fire for some hot coffee," he invites, grinning.

As you climb in beside him you ask about the three quick shots from the other stand. "That was a nice buck—and he didn't miss, either, like that other fellow," he tells you. "It took both of us to lift it into the truck."

"How many points?" you ask.

"Six. Why?"

"Oh—just wondered." You don't bother to explain what you're thinking: that the big buck you foolishly let get away had the same number of points.

The jeep follows a winding woods road until it empties suddenly into a clearing watched over by stately oaks and pines. Beneath the towering trees rough wooden dining tables have been placed. Half a hundred men are standing about several bonfires, talking and warming their backs gratefully against the heat from the leaping flames. These khaki-clad sportsmen drink steaming coffee and munch sandwiches and laugh easily as they discuss what is about to take place: the president of the Florida Senate has missed his deer and will now have his shirt-tail cut off!

Shortly, the hapless hunter climbs good-naturedly upon one of the tables. Carl Ray produces a big knife taken from one of the camp cooks and neatly cuts off the shirt tail while the audience roars approval. Carl then hands the cloth remnant to co-host Col. Davidson who proceeds with mock ceremony to nail it fast to the trunk of a big oak where several faded shirt tails already hang, testifying to the fate of other poor marksmen in years past.

It is obvious from the manner of all the men present that they regard Carl and Shorty with respect and affection. For nearly 35 years these two sincere and friendly founders of the world famous Silver Springs tourist attraction have operated as partners bound by nothing more than the simple oral agreement made between them at the outset. They needed nothing more.

A Miami guest is hailed as he comes striding into the clearing with a freshly-killed 20 pound gobbler thrown proudly over one shoulder. In modern hunting attire, this man little resembles the Puritan hunters of the early American colonies, but it's a safe bet the wide grin on his face would be little different from

one worn by his counterpart in Colonial days.

Col. Kirkman, head of the Florida Highway Patrol, comes in from a chill woodland stand and gratefully accepts the steaming cup of coffee handed him by genial Ocala insurance man Leslie Wade. The Colonel hasn't yet bagged his buck, but the big hunt is still young—and he is a veteran of these woods.

Several shaggy bucks have already been strung up at one edge of the clearing. They are big animals, each in prime condition, and it is obvious from the grin splitting his tanned face that Florida Game Commission pilot Nick Fallier, who stands nearby, has taken one of these.

It's time to return to the deep woods. This time it is guide Frank Wilson who pilots the jeep in which you sit crammed with Jerry Nolan, "Dizzy" Thomas and several other long-time "regulars" of this spectacular north-central Florida deer hunt. They announce that Ocala oilman John Clardy's dogs will be allowed to run with the other animals this time. Clardy raises some of the finest deer hounds in the South.

This time you are not chosen to enjoy the advantage of an aerial stand. Instead, you are dropped atop a small rise in the forest where grow magnolia and red bay trees. Between the trees are fresh signs of turkey scratchings, so you don't mind too much.

You move back a few yards into brush cover and settle yourself with your back to a large white oak. Here you can command a good view of the clearing, should the gobblers return.

Before long feeding squirrels overhead resume their foraging. When they drop acorn shells against the palmetto fronds its sounds like sudden spatters of rain. Faintly in the distance you hear the haunting cry of a great horned owl: *hook-hook-hook-t-woo*.

You smile. For the remainder of the day you are quite willing to let the rest of the world go by . . . ●

NEXT MONTH

Annual spring fishing issue, with special articles on Florida's Fish Ranch, Mudfish Angling, Florida's Bass Buster, Bream Fishing, Mr. Big of Dixie Panfish, Gadgets For Fishing, plus other special features.

FLORIDA



FOX CHASING BY HUNTERS WITH HOUNDS IS A POPULAR YEAR AROUND SPORT — THE ONLY FOX THAT CLIMBS TREES

Know Your FLORIDA WILDLIFE

— FOUND ABUNDANTLY THRUOUT FLORIDA IN BRUSHY WOODS AND SWAMPS — WEIGHT AVERAGES 7 TO 13 POUNDS



GRAY FOX

Wallace Hughes

BODY COLOR SALT AND PEPPER GRAY WITH BANDS OF REDDISH-BUFF ON FACE, NECK, SIDES, LEGS AND FEET

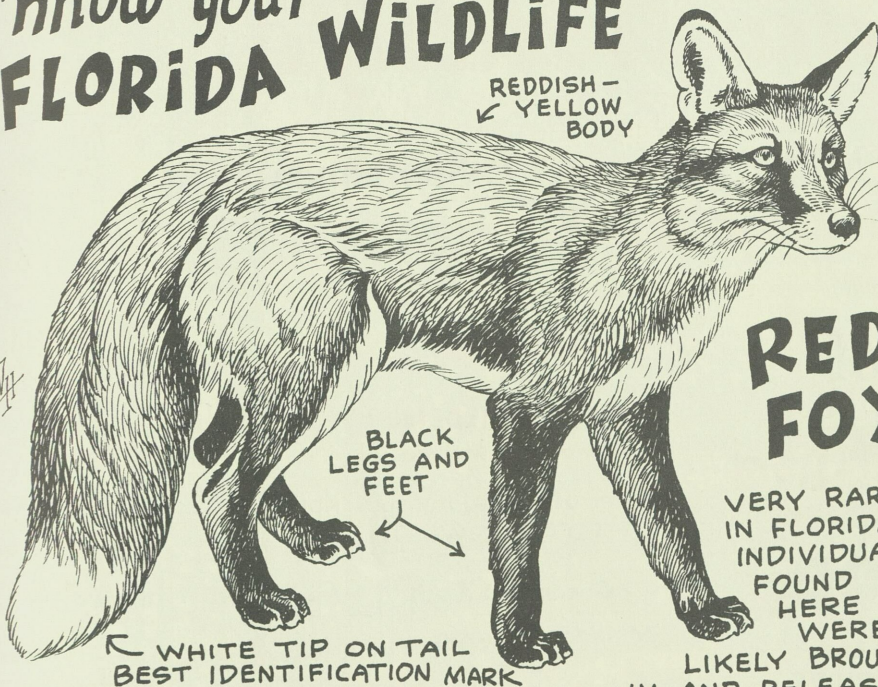
BROAD BLACK BAND OR STRIPE FULL LENGTH OF TAIL

BLACK TIP

WHITE

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

Know Your FLORIDA WILDLIFE



RED FOX

VERY RARE IN FLORIDA — INDIVIDUALS FOUND HERE WERE

LIKELY BROUGHT IN AND RELEASED BY FOX HUNTERS — NORMAL RANGE ALASKA, CANADA AND THE U.S. SOUTH TO CENTRAL GEORGIA

MEMBER OF THE DOG FAMILY — WEIGHT 10 TO 15 POUNDS — LIVES IN OPEN COUNTRY, FARMLANDS OR SPARSELY SETTLED AREAS

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

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